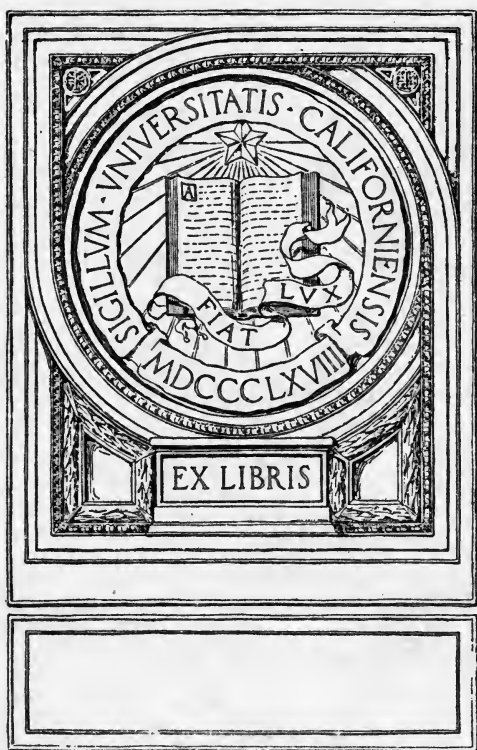


# THE REAL CROWN PRINCE



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# THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

*Nerissa* : How like you the young German ?

*Portia* : Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk ; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, *Act 1, Sc. 2.*

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THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE  
*in the uniform of the Death's Head Hussars.*



# THE REAL CROWN PRINCE:

*A Record and An Indictment*

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"KING EDWARD VII."

THE  
CROWN  
PRINCE  
OF  
SCOTLAND  
AND  
THE  
ISLES

LONDON  
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## PREFACE

SOME painters are fond of depicting in a symbolic fashion the fatal fascination of military glory. We are shown the Spirit of Conquest, with a mocking smile on her lips, speeding on ahead, while there stumbles painfully behind her a motley crowd representing the varied elements of a great nation—labourers, poets, artists, savants, traders—all lured from their proper pursuits to follow this will-o'-the-wisp.

Such a picture might well stand for modern Germany, and foremost among the pursuing host would assuredly be striding the strange, ominous figure of the heir to the Throne.

The Crown Prince's face is almost that of a moral degenerate. The caricaturists have naturally seized on its ridiculous aspect, but this is misleading; it is really the sinister, predatory side which dominates the whole countenance.

Seldom in the history of the world has a prince been so plainly destined from his cradle for the waging of war. He was born at Potsdam, the head centre of the most powerful military organisation of the modern world, and from his earliest years he was accustomed to the delights of

cavalry charges, infantry attacks in massed formation, and the rolling thunder of guns. This nurture amid the constant sights and sounds of mimic warfare was entirely successful in its object. It hardened him while yet a boy into a creature of the military machine, fixing his mind entirely on the work of steady preparation for a gloriously short and successful war.

War, which refines and purifies a character originally noble, has brought out in the Crown Prince those base qualities which were largely latent amid the normal restraints of peace. Only once before in the Prince's life had those restraints been similarly removed. This was when, on his visit to India, he was free to indulge his lower instincts as much as he pleased, secure in the knowledge that his hosts had every motive, both of policy and of courtesy, to prevent his misdeeds from being published abroad.

The idea of war, ever present to his mind as child, as youth, and as man, furnishes the key to his whole character. But it was not the idea of war as waged by the great captains of the past. It was war for victory by any and every means, the mechanical application of a vast superiority in men and material; it was also war on women and children—the exhibition of “frightfulness” for the terrorising of civilians and the acquisition of loot.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE . . . . .	5
CHAPTER I	
THE WAR CHILD . . . . .	9
CHAPTER II	
MILITARY CADET : COMING OF AGE . . . . .	25
CHAPTER III	
UNIVERSITY LIFE AND FOREIGN TRAVEL . . . . .	41
CHAPTER IV	
LOVE AND MARRIAGE . . . . .	61
CHAPTER V	
FAMILY AND SOCIAL LIFE . . . . .	83
CHAPTER VI	
VISIT TO INDIA : RATTLING THE SABRE . . . . .	108
CHAPTER VII	
THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR . . . . .	134
CHAPTER VIII	
ARMAGEDDON . . . . .	159



## CHAPTER I

### THE WAR CHILD

“HURRAH, hurrah! Four Kings!”

Such was the joyous exclamation with which the old Emperor William I. hailed the birth of his first great-grandson on May 6, 1882.

The little prince was indeed a war child. Germans have always been passionately fond of dates and anniversaries—or rather of those which chime in comfortably with their patriotic ambitions. Naturally, therefore, the members of the Imperial family assembled round the happy young mother and her lusty babe at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, reminded one another exultantly that May 6 was the anniversary of the Battle of Prague, one of Frederick the Great's most notable victories in the Seven Years' War. Nor did they forget that the old Emperor William, in whose reign Prussia had by force of arms established herself as the chief State in a

## 10 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

new German Empire, was himself born on another famous anniversary, that of the Battle of Leipzig—the battle which Germans believe to have really shattered the power of Napoleon.

It was more than a good omen, indeed it was one that opened up dazzling visions of military glory. Those visions would assuredly have been even more dazzling if the princelings and Junkers gathered at Potsdam could have foreseen how short was to be the reign of the then Crown Prince, Frederick, who, though a good soldier, had imbibed dangerous English ideas of freedom from his English wife.

As to the parents of this child, perhaps more truly “born in the purple” than any child had ever been since the great days of the Old Régime in France, there was then not much to know. It was believed that theirs had been as great a love match as that of Prince William’s parents, then Crown Prince and Crown Princess. The marriage had been, so it was whispered, planned by Bismarck to heal an old sore, that of the war for the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein.

Be that as it may, the young people had met in the most natural fashion when Prince William was on a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor. At that time the future German Empress was



staying with her uncle at Cumberland Lodge, and the two were much attracted to one another. Not till a year later, however, did Prince William pay his memorable visit to Primkenau, the country castle of the young princess's parents, Prince and Princess Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. It is a curious fact that the actual marriage negotiations were carried on by the son of the famous Baron Stockmar, who had been so close a friend of Queen Victoria and of Prince Albert.

From the day she first appeared in Berlin, Princess William became in a special sense the beloved of the Prussian nation. It was told everywhere how the old Emperor, when he first saw her, exclaimed, "She reminds me of my sainted mother!"

As was natural, Princess William's popularity was increased by the birth of her first child, "the Fourth King." Even in England the photograph taken very soon after the Imperial infant's birth was for long familiar and popular, while in Germany it would have been hard to find a cottage in which it did not occupy a place of honour.

This photograph shows the aged Emperor William holding his great-grandson on his knee, while behind him stand the soldierly figures of

## 12 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

the Crown Prince Frederick, in the full splendid strength of mature manhood, and the more slender, agile form of Prince William, the present Kaiser.

The christening of the Fourth King, as he had at once been nicknamed—though it was a name which did not stick—took place in the Jasper Hall of the New Palace at Potsdam. Before the altar, which was beautifully garlanded with roses, stood the so-called “marriage pact” table, upon the red velvet cover of which rested the heavy golden chalice and paten which had been used upon the occasion of the christening of some twenty-five Princes and Princesses of the Hohenzollern House through four generations.

One of the baptismal vessels consists of a round dish engraved on the surface with scenes personifying Christ’s words, “Let the little ones come unto Me.” On the back of this dish is inscribed the names of all the Princes and Princesses at whose baptism it has been used. The water was poured into the font out of a golden ewer, on the body of which is engraved the scene representing the baptism of Christ by John the Baptist. The handle is a curved vine branch, at the head of which kneels an angel.

The old Emperor William held the child at the font and uttered his names—Frederick William Augustus Ernest. The other sponsors were the then Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Saxony, and the King of the Belgians.

As a child, and even when long past babyhood, his mother played an immense part in the Crown Prince's life, and it is the fact that he has always been her favourite child. A private staircase connected the nursery wing with Princess William's private apartments, and she was in the habit of visiting her children at all hours of the day and night. However tired she might be when returning from some great Court festivity she always paid the nursery a final visit, and the Crown Prince was far more often with her than is or can be the custom with most Royal mothers. She herself taught him his letters, and he learnt writing under her careful tuition.

The story was told that on one occasion Prince and Princess William arranged to start by the night train to Königsberg. The little Crown Prince, then six years old, begged his mother to come and kiss him good-night just before starting. "If I were to do that," replied the mother, "I should wake you up." "But if we promise

## 14 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

to be awake will you then come right up to our beds?" The Princess promised.

Shortly before midnight, when she peeped into the room she saw that each of her little boys was wide awake. What had happened was this. The Crown Prince had taken to bed with him a long piece of cord and had carefully tied up each of his brothers. Whenever one of them showed signs of falling asleep, he pulled the cord, thus effectually keeping them all wide awake.

It has been the fashion to describe the German Empress as being rather lacking in firmness of character. It was said that she was completely submissive to her young husband, and that that was really why they got on so well together.

This may have been true as regards the usual ceremonial side of Court life, but in two matters Princess William, as she then was, certainly showed great firmness of nature. The one matter concerned her religious faith, which was very strong, and in which she brooked no interference; the other concerned the management of her young children.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, an American gentleman who was really intimate with the Imperial family, once told a curious story which shows the truth of this. He had presented the Emperor with a cruising canoe. "All my boys shall

become expert boatmen, thanks to this," exclaimed the delighted recipient of the gift. "There can be no better training in the virtues of courage and coolness in the face of danger than in the management of a canoe."

An hour or two later the Empress came up to Mr. Bigelow and observed thoughtfully, "I am sorry you gave the Emperor that canoe, for I have made up my mind that none of my children shall ever enter a canoe." "But," exclaimed Mr. Bigelow, "the Emperor is most anxious that the young Princes should learn how to manage a boat." "That may be so," said the Empress, "but though he is German Emperor I am Empress of the nursery, and I have always considered canoeing a very dangerous pastime."

Here we may pause for a moment to consider into what kind of Germany the future German Emperor was born, bred, educated, and trained.

The Crown Prince was born into a Germany which had been welded together and created by three great wars, and the heroes of that Germany were the three men who had made those wars—William I., Bismarck, and Moltke. The leaders of German thought, those who were inspiring both their own generation and the younger people who were to consolidate the past triumphs

## 16 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

of their country, were such writers as Treitschke, of whom Norman Hapgood said, "Germans quote him as no historian is quoted by the English or the French. In interpreting history he is their Bible. Their political thinkers never tire of him." He was the leader and inspirer of many lesser writers than himself. We will quote some of their utterances:—

"War in itself is a good thing. It is a biological necessity of the first importance."

"War is the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power. Efforts to secure peace are extraordinarily detrimental as soon as they can influence politics."

"The maintenance of peace never can be or may be the goal of a policy."

"God will see to it that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race."

And, lastly, perhaps most significant of all: "The German nation has been called the nation of poets and thinkers, and it may be proud of the name. To-day it may again be called the *nation of masterful combatants*, as which it originally appeared in history."

It cannot too often be repeated that the Crown Prince, from his cradle upwards, was surrounded by the marks and symbols of war.

As soon as he and his brothers were old enough to know the meaning of so splendid and important a toy—if indeed a toy it could be called—a miniature fortress, which is said to have cost some £20,000, was presented to them by Herr Krupp.

It was erected in the private grounds of the New Palace at Potsdam by a number of Krupp's most trusted workmen, and was constructed on novel principles which were kept strictly secret. All projections rising above the level of the walls were avoided, but at a given signal the rotary armoured turrets would rise simultaneously and having fired their guns, disappear again.

So strong was the Prince's interest in the Army that even as a tiny child the thought of soldiers and of soldiering absorbed him to the exclusion of all else. With great delight the Berliners heard that on one occasion, when he was asked to state the principal Christian festivals, he answered, "Birthday, wedding day, and Schrippenfest," this last being a military festival which is given every year at Potsdam in the sergeants' school.

Physically, the little Prince did not seem likely to make much of a soldier. As a child he was delicate in health and believed to be exceedingly

## 18 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

like his mother. • He seemed gentle, reserved, and submissive. It was even said that his personality, such as it was, irritated his brilliant, headstrong young father, who preferred Prince Eitel Fritz.

One thing which greatly pleased the worthy citizens of Berlin was that the little Prince was strongly German in sympathies and tastes; so much so indeed that he was said to have refused to speak English to his grandmother, the Empress Frederick, and that although her Imperial Majesty had made it a rule that her children and grandchildren must only speak English in her presence.

The Crown Prince's childhood was spent to a certain extent in an atmosphere of mourning. He was six years old when he was carried to the death-bed of the venerable Emperor William. Three months later came that of the Emperor Frederick, quickly followed by the disappearance of one who had been a very familiar figure to the little boy, his great-grandmother the Empress Augusta.

The Crown Prince was seven years old when the Emperor of Austria, his godfather, visited Berlin, and it may be noted that at a brilliant series of manœuvres held in honour of the



Imperial guest smokeless powder was used for the first time.

Members of his family consider that the Crown Prince inherited his extraordinary love of practical joking from Queen Victoria, who was rather unusually addicted to this peculiar form of humour. The Crown Prince displayed this tendency to "take a rise" out of those about him very early in life, in fact when quite a little boy. When only seven or eight years old he delighted in stealing away from his nurses or governesses in order to walk backwards and forwards through the palace gates, so that the guard might turn out, present arms, and in certain circumstances beat their drums.

The Crown Prince was seven years old when he first saw an opera hat. It belonged to a visitor who left it in an ante-room before being received by the Emperor. The Prince spent a few happy moments in expanding and compressing the hat until its owner reappeared. But the next visitor, Dr. Dryander, the Court chaplain, wore an ordinary silk hat, which he also left in the ante-room. The Crown Prince pounced on it, and thought that, since the chaplain's hat would not collapse as the other one had done, it ought to be made to. His little brother, Prince Eitel, appeared in the nick of

## 20 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

time and was ordered to sit on the hat, a feat which was altogether too successful for Dr. Dryander's taste.

Probably neither the Prince nor his victim was aware that the one thing which invariably moves the House of Commons to laughter is when a new member, after an impassioned oration, resumes his seat—on his hat!

In honour of his eighth birthday the Crown Prince and his brothers organised a performance in the Imperial Circus. They went through the programme very creditably, the Crown Prince having trained his pony to do a number of tricks. Riding was one of his first accomplishments, and it must have proved to his father that he was not as timid as he seemed.

The Crown Prince was eight years old when he paid his first visit to England. This in itself is significant of how the relations between the two countries and the two Courts had been injured and disturbed by the tragedy which had attended the illness and death of the Emperor Frederick.

However, in 1891 the young Emperor William and his Empress paid their first State visit to his mother's country; and though their children took no part in the official festivities arranged for the occasion, the German Imperial

nursery was brought to Felixstowe, where they, together with their mother, spent a very successful holiday.

Perhaps the happiest days of the Imperial children were spent at Cadinen, a small country estate, which used to be described by the Emperor to English friends as "my Sandringham." He had bought Cadinen out of his own savings when he was quite a young man, the price being only £13,000. In those days it was not much more than a large farmhouse, and the future Empress and her children lived there the simplest of lives. It was there that the Crown Prince was taught riding, and there that he acquired a very real love for country life.

The Emperor's gift to his eldest son on his tenth birthday was a commission in the famous First Foot Guards Regiment. The Crown Prince had been made a corporal of the regiment before his eighth birthday, and he received his commission a year sooner than is customary with Princes of the Imperial House. At the State dinner which was given in honour of the occasion he sat next to his mother, whose heart must have been heavy that night, for it marked the end of her own intimate ownership of her beloved eldest child. From that day onwards

## 22 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

he was to be emancipated from "petticoat government" and handed over entirely to men tutors and governors.

Everything was done to make this date, May 6th, 1892, memorable, not only to the boy himself, but also to those who surrounded him. On the table where his birthday presents were laid out were placed the Orders of the Black and of the Red Eagle, also the uniform of a second lieutenant of the First Foot Guards.

This uniform is a very striking one and must have looked strange indeed on its new owner's tiny form. The tunic is of dark blue cloth with silver buttons, the collar and cuffs being of silver embroidery. The sash which is passed over the left shoulder is of yellow watered silk; the sash round the waist, which hangs down on the left side, is of silver thread. The trousers are of white jean; and each officer wears an ordinary infantry officer's sword. The most curious item of the uniform is the helmet, which bears the name of the "Schwedische Blechmütze," or Swedish helmet. It is decorated in front with the Imperial star and crown, which have between them the Hohenzollern device "Suum Cuique."

The Prince was solemnly presented by the Emperor to his new regiment, and in a touching

little speech the father said : "The Crown Prince may not yet be old enough for military service, but it is of supreme importance that he should early learn in the regiment those habits of discipline and obedience which have always been the foundation of the Army."

The Emperor then led the regiment past the Empress, and the little Crown Prince, as the youngest officer present, marched behind the first platoon.

In the next official *Military Gazette* the Armies of the world were informed that the Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia had been appointed second lieutenant in the First Foot Guards, and à la suite of the Second Landwehr Guards; the only other officer à la suite in this regiment was the mighty Prince Bismarck himself.

It was characteristic of the way the child had been brought up that, when a phonograph was brought to the palace and the Crown Prince was asked to sing into it, he instinctively chose the German national anthem. This excellent example was not followed by his brother, Prince Adelbert, for when his turn came to speak into the machine that enterprising young Prince expressed a wish that he might have a pony !

## 24 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

All sorts of anecdotes began to be told in Berlin concerning the Crown Prince. One such story told how one day the boy, who was much puzzled by his father's love of constantly changing his uniform, inquired why the Emperor never wore that of the Railway Regiment, belonging to the Pioneer Detachment of the Guards. "There is no reason why I should ever wear that uniform," said the Emperor, smiling. "Oh yes, Papa, there surely is. Art thou not always travelling about on the railway?"

Yet another story of the same kind belongs to a later date in the Crown Prince's life. It is said that one day the Kaiser entered his son's room and asked him to go for a walk. "Certainly," said the Prince, and then, observing that his father was in a very resplendent naval uniform, he asked, with a slight smile, "But where are we going to? To the Aquarium?"

It is not at all surprising that the Kaiser should have found it difficult to manage a son with such an awkward sense of humour. But that came later. At the present stage of the Crown Prince's life he was in leading-strings of the most approved military pattern, and the story of his life at school must be told in another chapter.

## CHAPTER II

### MILITARY CADET : COMING OF AGE

THE Crown Prince was educated at home until he reached his fourteenth year.

His father had been sent to the public gymnasium, or, as we should call it, public secondary school, at Cassel, where he took his place beside the sons of ordinary citizens. This democratic plan was carried out by his parents, afterwards the Emperor and Empress Frederick, in spite of the disapproval of the old Emperor William, but the subject of the experiment himself showed no intention of repeating it in the case of his own sons.

The Crown Prince had been taught English, almost as soon as he learnt German, by an English nurse. At about the age of eight or nine he began to learn French from a French-Swiss theological student. It is a fact that he has always spoken French like a Frenchman, and English like an Englishman. At nine years old

## 26 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

he was handed over to Dr. Esternaux, a Frenchman, afterwards Director of the Gymnasium at Spandau, and the boy went through the whole "gymnastic" course, with the significant exception of Greek.

The Empress took a keen interest in her eldest son's training and education, far greater perhaps than those who think of her as one devoted only to the household arts and to a rather narrow religious point of view would suppose possible. To his tutor she declared it to be her special wish that the Prince should be educated in such a way as never to be reminded more often than was inevitable of his future position.

When we learn how a typical day of the little Crown Prince was spent during those important and formative years which lay between nursery and school, we sympathise with his mother's fear lest he should be overworked.

In summer the Crown Prince was called at six o'clock, his breakfast, consisting of one cup of tea and a roll of bread, not being served till an hour and a half later. From eight to half-past nine he prepared his lessons. Then came a ten minutes' break, and more work till eleven. There followed an hour of gymnastics and riding.

Not till after the mid-day meal was there any



real relaxation or rest. But this was soon over, for only thirty minutes were allowed for this break, and there followed three hours of intense application at science and music. A simple supper was eaten at six o'clock, and eight o'clock struck the hour for bed.

There was the greatest curiosity to learn how the Emperor intended to educate his heir. His Majesty's disapproval of his own experiences at the Cassel school was well known, and it was believed at Court that the Prince would have a wholly private education.

The father, after much consideration, chose what may be called a middle course. The Crown Prince was sent to the famous cadet school at Ploen, not far from Kiel, in his mother's beloved province of Holstein. But even there, though mainly treated as were the other cadets, who numbered about 160, he lived apart in a residence in the Royal park.

Ploen has been for more than one generation a great military school. In a sense it is the Wellington of Germany. It is housed in an old Royal castle where once lived an ancestor of the German Empress, and to Ploen those Prussian Junkers who can afford it always send their sons.

## 28 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Though the training of the boys is mainly military, the education in general subjects approximates perhaps more closely to that of an English public school than anything else to be found on the Continent. Every kind of outdoor game is encouraged, though the cadets are not allowed to forget what a little part games are likely to play in the life of a Prussian officer. Not far off is the battlefield of Düppel, the scene of a Prussian victory over the Danes in 1864, and it is significant that, for the instruction of the Ploen cadets, the field has not been allowed to be altered in any way.

When it had been settled that the Crown Prince should go to Ploen, every detail of the scheme of his education was planned out by the Emperor himself. Military discipline was observed in the Prince's apartments; he was simply addressed as "Prince," and his training erred if anything on the side of severity. For instance, he was only allowed to go to the theatre when plays of an historical or patriotic character were performed. He was taught rowing by a sailor from one of the warships at Kiel; but in target practice he was trained by a general. He also managed to find time to acquire the violin from a musician from Hamburg.

A serious effort was also made to teach the future Kaiser something of practical agriculture. Near his residence in the Royal park was a farm where, in company with four specially chosen cadets, he worked at farming.

On the days spent by them at the farm they did their own cooking, and lived exactly as German farmers do. By the Emperor's order, the potato crop they had helped to raise was sent to Potsdam. The potatoes had all been planted, weeded, grubbed out, and barrelled by the Crown Prince and his comrades. The youths received the fair market price for their produce, and they were made to keep exact accounts, showing what profit there was, if any.

The Crown Prince was still a Ploen cadet when he was present at the solemn opening of the Kiel Canal. It is curious to recall that on that occasion the festivities included a banquet given to the Kaiser on board the "Royal Sovereign," the flagship of our Channel Squadron. It was at this banquet that the Emperor made his famous speech concerning the British Navy, in the course of which he declared, "The history of the English Navy is as well known to our officers as it is to yours. Since our Navy existed we have always tried to form our ideas and learn from you."

## 30 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Six months later came the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger.

We have no record as to how the Imperial family felt concerning the outbreak of angry astonishment in England which followed on the publication of this, with the exception of the Ems telegram, the most famous telegraphic dispatch in the history of Europe.

The Crown Prince was at the time thirteen, an impressionable age at which an intelligent and sensitive boy feels things more perhaps than he would do some years later. Of one thing we may reasonably feel sure—the feeling betrayed in England cannot either have created or increased any love for the mighty Empire which was already beginning to be regarded in Germany as her one great rival, the only serious obstacle to her own domination of Europe.

A year later the Crown Prince accompanied his father to wish God-speed to his uncle, Prince Henry, then the only sailor of the Imperial family; and the Prince was present at the State banquet where the Kaiser delivered his famous speech concerning the power of the Mailed Fist.

The Crown Prince soon showed himself as an exceptionally keen sportsman. Rather to the

surprise, it is said, of the Kaiser, he quickly became as fine a shot as his father. As quite a youth he showed a preference for old-fashioned deer stalking, and often brought down his quarry at a distance of eighty to a hundred and twenty paces.

He did not care for the great "drives" which are a feature of modern sport, especially in Germany. Nor did he care for his father's favourite "sport" of wild boar shooting, which he recognised as sheer butchery, the animals, which are not really wild at all, being driven in front of fortified butts, where the guns await them in complete security. In fact the young man had grasped the essential principle of all true sport—that of matching one's own skill and endurance on fair terms against the full powers of the quarry.

So it was that he much preferred to go out "on his own," attended only by an experienced keeper or forester. Before his marriage his great delight was to spend a few days in what was once his uncle Henry's favourite hunting lodge, the old forest house of Dambachshaus, which is situated in the middle of the forest on a plateau overlooking the Bodethal. He always used for stag shooting an army rifle.

The Crown Prince is indeed more than an

## 32 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

enthusiastic sportsman. He is a keen enthusiast for all kinds of healthy outdoor exercise, in this strongly recalling his grandmother, the Empress Frederick. Under her fostering care young German women learnt for the first time that there was such a game as lawn tennis, and her exploits as a horsewoman were famed right up to the end of her life.

The Crown Prince's book on hunting is very superior to the usual Royal records of big game shooting. He has sailed his yacht home first in a race; captained victorious ice-hockey teams; won high-jumping prizes; and led his own horses past the winning post. From the first he took an enthusiastic interest in the air service; he has made many flights in Zeppelins, and was one of the first men in his country to become an air pilot.

As a very young man, the Prince was thought to be too calm and judicious, almost passionless. He had a cool, reserved manner, and seemed to be entirely without the kind of "gush" which seems to foreigners, and especially Englishmen, so characteristic of young German life.

Nevertheless, there was a jovial, kindly side to the Crown Prince, especially in his dealings

with the working classes—in fact in this he was more like a cheery Englishman than a Prussian officer.

An amusing incident which illustrates this happened immediately after one of the *Orden-fests*. These are banquets given each year to the possessors of orders and decorations. Rarely, if ever, is so mixed an assembly seen in Germany, for among the Kaiser's guests are not only the knights of the great Orders of the Black and the Red Eagle, but also commercial men, traders, and quite humble folk who have won distinction by the saving of life on land and sea.

On this occasion, among the Emperor's humbler guests sat a worthy countryman whose "evening dress" did credit to his wife or his imagination—or both. He was abashed at first; but the wine of Moselle slowly altered that, and when dessert was reached he found courage to look round.

There were habitués or instructed friends near him, and he noted that these were quietly and unobtrusively smuggling a bonbon or a sweet cake into their capacious pockets, for "t'wold 'ooman t'whoam," or for "t'little 'uns, 'st know." This smuggling, by the way, delights the Kaiser, and the servants have orders not to

## 34 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

notice it. Our countryman decided to do something in that line himself. He drew a large red handkerchief from his pocket, placed it across his knees, and piled on to it, bit by bit, sweets, crackers, fruit, etc.

The pile had already attained important dimensions when, like a bolt from the blue, the Crown Prince, passing down the table, stopped behind the countryman and patted him on the back. The guest started, turned in his chair, recognised the Crown Prince, and attempted to gather up his handkerchief and its contents at the same time as he rose respectfully from his chair. The result can be guessed; and with a cry of dismay the worthy countryman beheld his garnered tit-bits roll hither and thither over the floor.

But the Prince was equal to the occasion. With a friendly laugh he bent down and began to pick up the tit-bits. "The missis mustn't lose her snack for me," he said; then quietly spread the red handkerchief on the table and piled the dainties safely in its folds.

In 1900 the Crown Prince came of age according to the Royal etiquette in such matters, namely, at the age of eighteen. It was no mere formal matter, for from May 6th, 1900, the future



Kaiser ceased to be a minor and had a right to a separate establishment of his own. No longer was he subject to anyone but to his father.

Some idea of the importance attached by the German Emperor to his son's coming of age may be gathered by the rank of those whom he asked to be present at the ceremonies connected with the anniversary. These included the then Duke of York (our present King), who stayed at Potsdam, and who was attended by a brilliant suite; the Italian Crown Prince (the present King of Italy); and, most important of all, the Crown Prince's godfather, the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph, the only foreign reigning sovereign among the guests. From Russia came the Grand Duke Michael and the Grand Duke Constantine.

It was said, probably with truth, that the Emperor William, by surrounding his son's coming of age with so much pomp and circumstance, desired to prove, in the presence of representatives of all the Great Powers, the strength and solidarity of the Triple Alliance. It was pointed out that the Italian Crown Prince did not play merely a ceremonial part, but was made a participant in the consultations of the two Emperors on important matters affecting the alliance.

## 36 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

It was also believed that the Emperor desired to indicate to the French Government how close and cordial were his relations with Great Britain. In the midst of the festivities there was published in the German Press a very cordial telegram from the then Viceroy of India.

The foreign Princes, and even more perhaps the shrewd members of their suites, gazed with extreme interest and curiosity at the hero of the day. What did they see there? A tall, slim, fair lad, already half a head taller than his father. He had a naturally quiet, rather shy manner, and he was supposed, erroneously, to have strong English sympathies, owing to his love of various forms of English outdoor life and sport.

The Empress Frederick, who was already stricken with the dread disease from which she was to die so soon, sent the Crown Prince a touching birthday present. It was the loyal address, illuminated by Adolf von Menzel, which had been presented by the City of Berlin to the Prince who was afterwards to become Emperor Frederick, on the attainment of his majority in 1849.

After the birthday breakfast, the Emperor delivered one of his eloquent and moving little speeches, in which, rather to the surprise of those

present, he paid a high tribute to his own father. His exact words were as follows :—

“You take to-day an important step in life. The rank of Crown Prince has been so exalted by your deceased grandfather, who spent in this position the longest and most important period of his existence, that it will need a life’s labour and your whole vitality to maintain it as, since the days of your grandfather, it has lived in the hearts of the German Army and people. First as Crown Prince of Prussia, then as Crown Prince of the German Empire, that magnificent figure, which finally suffered so unspeakably, towered in history, and is still cherished in the hearts of the people as the Crown Prince *par excellence*. The prestige which your grandfather imparted to the position of German Crown Prince throughout the world is for you a legacy which you must preserve undiminished and seek to augment. Be clear with yourself that you will need all your energies in order to fulfil this high and difficult task.”

At the State banquet, also, the Kaiser, when proposing the health of the guests, made a graceful speech, beginning with the words : “It is a deeply-moved father’s heart that speaks to you at this moment.” He referred to the presence of those about him as having changed “a simple

## 38 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

family celebration into an historical moment of the first magnitude."

Equally happy was the response of the even then venerable Emperor Francis Joseph. In his short speech he again and again referred to his warm affection for his host and hostess and for his godson: "May the noble sway of parental love long be vouchsafed to the Prince! May he now in the full bloom of his young strength happily develop, and in earnest work, but with a keen courage and trust in God, prepare himself for the high and difficult position which awaits him!"

The day after his coming of age, that is, on May 7th, the festivities culminated in an act which probably meant more to the Crown Prince than did any other act of the splendid pageant of which he was the central figure. This was his taking of the oath as ensign in the German Army.

A short service, which was modelled as far as might be on that which used to be held in mediæval days when a youth took on him the privileges and responsibilities of knighthood, was held in the White Room of the Royal Palace. Though short, it was a very impressive ceremony, and the sermon preached on that

occasion was dignified and free from servility. The text chosen was 1 Corinthians, ch. ii, v. 2 and 3; and there seems to-day something almost pathetic in the words which were directly addressed to the youth, sitting between his father and his mother.

“Remember,” said the preacher, “that the higher a man stands, the more is he exposed to the temptation to break the barriers of human order, and to think his own will to be supreme law. Be a man equally protected against weak resolution and ill-timed compliance, and against stubborn obstinacy and arbitrary haughtiness.”

Very solemn, very impressive was the moment when the Crown Prince, rising and stepping forward, took the oath of fidelity to the colours. The then commander of the First Foot Guards, taking the standard of the regiment out of the hands of the standard bearer, raised it up and let the point descend on to the altar.

The Emperor led the Prince up to the standard, and during the whole ceremony stood at his side; while General von Plessen, the chief of the military headquarters, recited the form of oath, which the Crown Prince in a firm, loud, clear voice said after him. After the ceremony was over the Emperor embraced his

## 40 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

son, as did the Empress, and all those present warmly congratulated him.

During the service the officer who carried the historic helmet, of which the assumption is an important part of the ceremony, let it fall to the ground, and this incident, or accident, filled the superstitiously-minded with dark forebodings.

## CHAPTER III

### UNIVERSITY LIFE AND FOREIGN TRAVEL

1901 was an eventful year in the Crown Prince's life. In the early spring, just before being entered at Bonn University, he paid a very pleasant visit to Vienna. Although he was only nineteen, it was said at the time that he had gone there partly with a view to seeking a wife.

A great ball was given in his honour by Prince Eulenburg, the German Ambassador, who could then have had no inkling of the awful if deserved doom which was to fall on him, largely through the agency of the Prince who was now his guest. The ball was opened by the Crown Prince, his partner being the Archduchess Annunziata, half-sister of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. He danced, as in duty bound, with all the young Princesses in turn, presenting his partners with bouquets in the German colours.

During his stay in Vienna the Prince often managed to escape from the world of State

## 42 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

ceremonial. Attended only by one aide-de-camp, he drove about the city, paying the delighted cabmen whom he took off the ranks in gold coins. He told a friend afterwards that his happiest hour had been at the Zoo, where he had the good fortune to meet a noted veterinary surgeon who was then treating a sick rhinoceros !

The German Press waxed enthusiastic over this visit of the Crown Prince to Austria, and they all expressed delight at "this fresh and unmistakable token of the unchangeable intimacy and firmness of the comradeship in arms uniting Germany and Austria." A sinister note was struck by one great paper, which observed significantly, in answer to a jeering article which had appeared in the Russian Press, "We content ourselves with merely accentuating the fact that if such things are published under the Russian censorship, an armed collision between Russia and the Triple Alliance is inevitable."

On his return from Vienna the Crown Prince went to Bonn University, where he kept four terms or semesters. It is said that he was told when he went to the University that this was the only period of his life when he would be free to do as he liked.

Hitherto he had shown no exceptional ability,



and in his boyhood he had been more retiring than his father was. At the same time he had given indications of a strong will and considerable independence of character. These qualities he seemed to have asserted at Bonn.

The ceremony of his matriculation took place in the Great Hall of the University, in the presence of the Emperor. The day was April 24th, 1901, and after the ceremony the Rector made rather a fighting speech, one which we cannot help suspecting probably pleased the new Imperial student better than the Sovereign to whom it was addressed:—

“Your Majesty’s strong arm makes the frontiers of Germany secure; the German flag flies on every sea; and art and science, trade and commerce, flourish under the wise protection of our gifted Emperor.”

The distinguished freshman was at once elected a member of the Borussia Corps, the aristocratic students’ club whose white caps have always been so familiar to British visitors to Bonn.

Naturally, the Kaiser could not resist the opportunity of making a speech to this corps, of which he was an honorary member. In his speech he not only alluded to his father’s happy stay in the famous university town, but, to the

## 44 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

surprise of all those present, he recalled "the noble Prince Consort—the life companion of that now glorified, queenly woman who ever strove for peaceful and friendly relations between her people and ours, who, indeed, are both of Germanic stock."

The Crown Prince was the first Heir-Apparent ever entered as a student at Bonn. When the Kaiser was there his official title was Prince William of Prussia; and the Emperor Frederick, in his happy student days, had been the nephew, not the son, of the then reigning Sovereign.

On his tutors the Crown Prince made a pleasanter impression than on his fellow-students. They admired his simplicity and naturalness of manner:—"If anything was dropped, he was just as ready to make a dash and pick it up as he was amiable in acknowledging a similar service done to himself."

It is now strange to remember that he was regarded in society as being much too English in his tastes and interests. He seemed painfully lacking in the "side" which is one of the particular attributes of the higher German social caste. He liked making the acquaintance of wealthy middle-class families, and often frequented the musical evenings which are rather a feature of that class. He was a good violin

player, and spent a good deal of his spare time in practising that difficult instrument.

He was even credited with the liberal tendencies which were so marked a characteristic of his grandmother, the Empress Frederick, and it was whispered that at a lecture given on the Hohenzollerns and their championship of free thought, he had been heard to exclaim aloud, "So it was, and so it shall always remain."

To do him justice, the Crown Prince never gave himself airs, but was accustomed to travel about like any ordinary student. On one occasion, while returning from a trip in the country, he found the train crowded and no room at all in the first-class carriages. The station-master, in despair, proposed that one first-class apartment should be cleared. But the Prince would have none of that. "No, no," he cried. "Get some chairs and put them in the luggage van; it is not at all bad in there." Accordingly, the Crown Prince and his friends made the journey in the luggage van.

Nevertheless, it is evident that the Crown Prince was not popular at Bonn. He spent over two years at that famous seat of learning, where our own King Edward, as Prince of Wales, spent some happy months, joining in every side of student life. But, according to a

## 46 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

confidence made long afterwards by the Crown Prince's tutor, "His Imperial Highness never took any real pleasure in what is called student life, being averse from every kind of excess."

It soon became clear to his disgusted comrades that he much preferred forms of outdoor sport to the swashbuckler duelling and beer-swilling which have always been an honoured side of German student life. The stand that he made for temperance showed that he had a good deal of strength of mind and independence of character. He had come to the conclusion that the copious drinking of beer, however good it might be for other people, was not good for him, and when it was put to him that beer-drinking in the student corps was not only traditional but actually compulsory, he simply replied that in that case he would resign his membership of the corps. So enraged were the members, that they actually petitioned the Kaiser to compel the Crown Prince to conform to the rules.

During the Crown Prince's residence at Bonn, the Emperor paid him one memorable visit. He attended among other students' gatherings a symposium of the Borussia Corps, and he made a speech which, specially addressed to the young generation, was regarded as showing that

he desired to place a prudent limit on German ambitions.

The boyish element which has always been apparent in the Kaiser's character, though it has probably now disappeared for aye, was very apparent during this visit, and he joined heartily in the singing of the students' songs. At a meeting of the Borussia he called for the grand old student song, the "Landesvater," and by his special wish when, following an old custom, the singers swear to live and die for their King and country, each man crossing his rapier with that of his vis-à-vis, the Crown Prince crossed rapiers with the aged general, Baron von Loe.

A humorous incident occurred when a veteran Borusse, in reply to the toast of the men of his year, drank to the Kiel Canal Bill. This so delighted the Emperor that he lay back in his chair and laughed loud and long.

Of course the Crown Prince did not spend the whole of each year at Bonn, but took full advantage of what Oxford men call the "vac's."

Thus in the summer of 1901 he paid a long private visit to England. During his stay in London he stayed at an hotel and thoroughly "did" the town, visiting the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and all the various galleries and

## 48 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

museums, taking his Kodak everywhere with him, and firing off many snapshots both when walking and driving.

He also spent some interesting hours in Liverpool, when he went over the "Oceanic," then the latest and largest addition to the White Star fleet. It is now curious to reflect that this splendid boat was one of the transports which conveyed British troops to France in the summer of 1914.

It was on this vacation that he stayed with Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, with Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, and with the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim.

During his visit to Blenheim he had the joy of driving a four-in-hand across to Oxford. It was noticed by one who was with him that he compared Oxford very favourably with his own University of Bonn.

In the following spring vacation he made a tour of the 1870 battlefields, especially those around Metz and Strasburg.

Imperial and Royal personages attach the most extraordinary importance to the bestowal of orders and decorations. Thus however unconventional the Crown Prince may have shown himself in early youth, we may be sure that he

greatly enjoyed the splendid and moving ceremony which accompanies the State investiture of the Garter. It is curious that Queen Victoria had not already made her great-grandson a Garter Knight; he received the honour on the occasion of his accompanying his father to her funeral.

We do not need to be reminded that on January 22, 1901, our beloved Sovereign Queen Victoria passed to her rest in the presence not only of her own devoted children, but in that of her grandson, the German Emperor.

Some days later, a German squadron, under the command of another of her late Majesty's grandsons, Prince Henry of Prussia, started for British waters. Already the Crown Prince had crossed from Flushing to Port Victoria. The Kaiser left Osborne in the "Alberta" and met his son at Portsmouth. Very few persons were present at the harbour station, and, rather to the surprise of the public, elaborate police precautions were taken. To an English friend the Kaiser observed that it was the saddest birthday he had ever spent.

It was on January 29, in the Council Chamber of Osborne House, that the Order of the Garter was conferred on the Crown Prince. In addition to the Royal personages present were Lord

## 50 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Roberts and the Duke of Norfolk, together with the Bishop of Winchester, the Prelate of the great Order.

The Crown Prince wore the uniform of a colonel of the Prussian Guards; and he was "introduced" by the Duke of Connaught and by Prince Christian. Speaking in a voice broken with emotion, the new Sovereign addressed a few kindly words of welcome to his great-nephew. The whole of this short address may appropriately be quoted here, strangely as it now reads:—

"Sir,—In conferring on your Imperial and Royal Highness the ancient and Most Noble Order of the Garter, which was founded by my ancestor many centuries ago, I invest you with the order of knighthood, not only as the heir to the Throne of a mighty Empire, but also as a near relation. It was the wish of my beloved mother the Queen to bestow it upon you as a mark of her favour, and I am only carrying out her wishes, and am glad to do so to the son of my illustrious relation, the German Emperor, to whom I wish to express my sincere thanks for having come at a moment's notice to this country and assisted in tending and watching over the Queen, and remaining with her until her last moments. I desire to express a hope that my



action in conferring upon you this ancient Order may yet further cement and strengthen the good feeling which exists between the two great countries, and that we may go forward hand in hand with the high object of ensuring peace and promoting the advance of the civilisation of the world."

How little could the Crown Prince have anticipated that only thirteen years later he and his father would be ignominiously expelled from this, the greatest Order of chivalry, not as enemies but because in the Great War they had proved themselves dishonourable and unchivalrous enemies.

The Crown Prince's first important public function took place on the eve of his twentieth birthday, in 1902. This was the opening of the Great Exhibition at Düsseldorf.

It was no ordinary exhibition; it was one in which the Emperor had taken the greatest interest, and indeed it was known that the plans had been partly drawn up by him. How characteristic now seems one leading feature of the principal exhibition building, namely, two tall columns each of which bore a figure of the Goddess of Victory.

It was arranged that the exhibition should be

## 52 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

formally opened by the Crown Prince in the presence of the German Chancellor and of as many of the Ministers as could be gathered together. It is on record that he looked very nervous, but he went through his task with self-possession, and made a speech none the less excellent because it was short. As was thought quite natural, the Crown Prince, in the tour which he afterwards made of the exhibition, made a very long stay in the Krupp pavilion, and he paid special attention to what was then declared to be the heaviest piece of armoured plate in the world, weighing 106 tons.

All those familiar with modern German history are aware how great was the importance attached by the old Emperor William I. to the Russo-German friendship, and how the maintenance of that friendship was regarded by Bismarck as the most precious legacy he could bequeath to his country. It is known that on his death-bed the old Emperor spoke earnestly concerning this friendship to his beloved grandson, the present Kaiser, and for some years the traditional links between the two Courts seemed as close as ever.

In January, 1903, the Crown Prince paid a semi-state visit to Petrograd, then called St.

Petersburg. He bore with him a rather singular gift from the Kaiser to the Tsar—a model of the battleship “Brunswick,” the latest addition to the German Navy. A splendid reception was accorded to him, but it was noticed that he was welcomed by the Tsar’s brother, the Tsar himself being indisposed. The Grand Duke Vladimir was also absent owing to illness.

Apart from this, the visit was regarded as a great success; and the Tsar appointed the future Kaiser honorary colonel of the Little Russian Dragoon Regiment. The Crown Prince was present at the beautiful ceremony of the blessing of the waters, which takes place before the Jordan Gate of the Winter Palace.

It was said that the visit had been undertaken to prepare the ground for an entente, with a view to bringing about joint political action by Russia and Germany in the Near East. There is, however, little doubt that the outcome of the Russo-Japanese conflict had entirely altered Germany’s attitude to Russia. The Kaiser was delighted to promote the supply of ammunition and armaments to Russia, which, as a neutral, he was of course quite at liberty to do. But both father and son—for once in complete unison—regarded with a mixture of relief and contempt the, as

## 54 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

they thought, military downfall of the Great White Empire.

It was at least interesting to those who follow closely the movements of diplomacy to note how very much more was made of this visit in Berlin than in St. Petersburg. The semi-official organ of the German Government spoke of "the faithful adherence of the Emperor William to the legacy of his grandfather," and the article wound up with the significant words, evidently addressed to France :—

"We believe that we do not mistake the significance of the Crown Prince's visit to St. Petersburg when we assert that it must dissipate any hope of creating discord between Russia and Germany, wherever that hope may be entertained and whatever schemes may be based on it."

In the early spring of 1903 the Crown Prince made a tour of the Near East, and it was then that he acquired his great liking for Egypt. He made an expedition into the desert and inspected a Bedouin camp in the neighbourhood of the Caliphs' Tombs.

One wonders if the Crown Prince now remembers one picturesque incident of that journey. Just as the Imperial cavalcade was about to start back to Cairo, a battalion of Highland

infantry came marching back to their camp. The men filed past his Imperial Highness, saluting as they did so, and the Prince, in a flowery little speech, assured the men of his undying love for Scotland, and especially for the Scottish Highlands.

It was during this same tour that the Crown Prince paid his first visit to Constantinople, on what was said at the time to be a secret mission to the Sultan. In Constantinople he was magnificently entertained, and his host presented him with a wonderful jewel-set sabre, the symbol of Ottoman rule, and a number of beautiful Arab chargers.

The completion of the Crown Prince's University course in the spring of 1903 was celebrated in what we should consider rather pompous fashion. It must have been a considerable ordeal to a still shy young man, for not only had he to listen, surrounded by his fellow students, to the Rector's flowery speech, but he had to deliver an oration in reply. However, he acquitted himself very well in this delicate task, thanking all those present, especially his special tutors and the students of his own year, for the good fellowship and kindness they had shown him. He concluded with

## 56 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

warm wishes for the success and prosperity of the grand old University of Bonn.

It was believed, and even semi-officially asserted, that immediately after leaving the University the Crown Prince would make a tour round the world. King Edward, who had been consulted by the German Emperor as to his son's training for his future great position, had warmly recommended this course, and arrangements were even made in many of the British colonies to give our Sovereign's eldest great-nephew a splendid reception. But the plan was finally abandoned owing to the strong opposition of the Empress. The attempted assassination in Japan of the Russian heir to the throne had made a terrible impression on her, and she implored the Emperor not to allow their eldest son to run a risk of the kind.

In the late spring of 1903 the Kaiser and his eldest son paid one of their rare visits to a foreign land together. It was fortunate for both father and son that the future was hidden from them, for this triumphal visit was to Rome in order that the Kaiser might present his heir in a formal way to his good ally and friend, the King of Italy.

The Roman populace, ever superstitious, thought it a bad sign, for, in spite of its being

May, there was a heavy downfall of rain, which lasted thirty-six hours, and of course ruined the elaborate decorations.

When at the Quirinal King Victor Emmanuel led his two Imperial guests out on to the balcony, the cheers of the crowd noticeably lacked the warmth and cordiality which had been given to King Edward on his visit shortly before.

The great State banquet was given on the evening of the Imperial party's arrival. In proposing the toast of the Kaiser and of his Heir-Apparent, King Victor Emmanuel referred to the Crown Prince as the pride of the national heart and the hope of the German Fatherland, and he further recalled the fact that the German and Italian dynasties had been allies for three generations.

The Crown Prince now returned to his regiment at Potsdam as Ober-leutnant, and in the following September he got his company as captain.

He seems to have been popular among his men, who called him "Unser Fritz," the *petit nom* of his grandfather when Crown Prince in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870. There can be no doubt that he took his work as an officer very seriously, and his devotion to riding, shooting, and indeed all kinds of outdoor sport was based

## 58 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

on his conviction that such things increase a man's military efficiency.

It is said that he had rather a struggle with his commanding officer, and also with his father, over the question of steeple-chasing. It was not thought seemly that the Crown Prince should himself ride races, though there was no objection to his brother officers doing so.

It seems strange now to put on record that in spite of the Crown Prince's passionate love of the Army, and the immense pains he took to bring himself into the closest relation of confidence and affection with his regiment, there were some critics who regarded him as a military "slacker."

Not long after his marriage, an article appeared under an assumed name, entitled "The Too Oft Orphan'd Regiment," in which the writer severely upbraided the future Kaiser for his supposed love of pleasure and of non-military sport. As a matter of fact the Crown Prince was only too much devoted to the great engine of war which he was doing his very best to perfect and to increase in strength and power.

He was fond of addressing his men in the vein of warm practical sentimentality which is so surprising a side of German human nature. He was little more than a boy himself when on one



occasion, in one of his little perorations to his men, he said :—

“I regard you all as my own children, and it is as your father that I ask you to come and tell me of your troubles. I encourage you, nay, I beg you, to come to me when you are in any kind of trouble or worry. I want you to feel that the regiment is your real home.”

As to how the Crown Prince was regarded by his brother officers, it is best described by the expressive German word “*Draufgänger*,” which may be roughly translated, dare-devil, fighting-cock, right sort, hard hitter.

Most of the stories told of princes are of a pleasant nature; the following, however, shows a disagreeable side of the Crown Prince.

He and his tutor were walking together in Berlin when a famous veteran of 1870, a not too good-tempered old general who commanded the regiment of which the Prince had lately been made colonel, turned down a side-street to avoid having to salute him. It was not the first time he had done this, and the Prince turned to his tutor and exclaimed, “Did you see that? The old pig always tries to avoid saluting me.”

Scandalised by an expression which is almost

## 60 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

the most insulting a German can use, the tutor reported the matter to the Emperor. It was rumoured at the time that the Emperor sent for his son, and said, "Now what was it that old pig did?"

## CHAPTER IV

### LOVE AND MARRIAGE

THE year 1904, which was to bring a great change in the Crown Prince's life, and to set him onwards towards a very happy and suitable marriage, began ill, in fact immediately after New Year's Day the future Kaiser was placed under arrest in his own quarters. Stormy scenes were known to have taken place between father and son. Remonstrances and threats seemed to be of no avail, the Crown Prince was determined to follow his own line, and that though he was only just twenty-one.

"As a lieutenant in your army, I owe you obedience on military matters, but as an individual German I have a right to my own opinions," such were the words the Prince was said to have passionately declaimed; and he was believed to have added the significant remark, "You were not always yourself subservient to your father's views, and I do not see why you

## 62 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

should expect from me respect and obedience which you yourself did not choose to give."

There seems no doubt at all that about this time the Crown Prince told his friends that if he was not allowed to live his own life in his own way, he would go and live in England until he had brought his father to see the uselessness of trying to coerce him.

Of course the arrest under which the Crown Prince was placed does not necessarily carry with it any disgrace, like civil arrest. It is, indeed, the ordinary punishment to which German officers are subjected for breaches of discipline.

When the present Kaiser was Prince William of Prussia he was often under arrest; and, as all the German world well knows, Frederick the Great when Crown Prince was not only condemned to what is called chamber arrest, but was flung into prison at Küstrin, where he had the agony of seeing his friend, Lieutenant Kalte, executed in his presence.

The Kaiser has always been fond of putting his younger relations into temporary confinement, and one of his first acts after his accession was to order into arrest his second cousin, Prince Frederick Leopold, brother of the Duchess of Connaught, the only reason being that the then

young Prince had broken some trivial rule of family etiquette.

The Kaiser subjected the Crown Prince, even when no longer under arrest, to all kinds of petty restrictions. Thus he was not allowed to be present at the marriage of his favourite old tutor to a lady of the Court. His father forbade him to go on giving sittings to an artist who was painting his portrait. Finally, and what he probably felt far more keenly, he received no invitation to a great gathering organised by the Kaiser in honour of Professor von Drygalski, leader of a German expedition to the North Pole.

As the days and the weeks went on, this feud between the Kaiser and his eldest son assumed the proportions of a political incident of considerable importance. To be known as the Crown Prince's friend was to run the risk of a broken career.

Little by little the officers of his own special regiment were forced to exchange into other regiments. This seems to have been certainly true of eight of the Prince's comrades. Very foolishly he had invited them to accompany him to a performance of Beyerlein's *Zapfenstreich*, a play which later on was banned by the military authorities. But this was probably only an

## 64 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

excuse for breaking up what had become a powerful military coterie which looked to the Crown Prince, rather than to the Kaiser, for its inspiration.

It was known that this state of things made the Kaiserin very unhappy; she was always interceding with the Emperor on behalf of her son.

It was fortunate for her, as well as for the Crown Prince, that early in that spring, while in the performance of his military duties, he had a severe accident. He was leading a troop of cavalry back to the barracks from the drilling ground, when his horse shied, reared, and plunged wildly, throwing its rider heavily to the ground. The horse fell too, and the Crown Prince narrowly escaped being crushed. On the same day when the Prince, much shaken, was about to undergo a careful examination by the Kaiserin's surgeon, the Kaiser entered the room, and a hasty reconciliation between father and son was effected.

As a young man the Crown Prince had many love affairs, which increased his father's irritation and anger. Indeed, the Prince was said to be so susceptible that he could not talk to any pretty girl without falling in love with her. At the same time the old adage of "safety in

numbers" was applied to him by his shrewder friends and comrades.

The Crown Prince was undoubtedly at one time deeply devoted to a very charming and clever young lady, not of Royal birth. There was not a word to be said against her personally, except that she was the daughter of a couple whose name at one time figured very prominently in a terrible story of love, jealousy, and violent death. In time, the Prince was brought to see that he could not marry, even morganatically, a girl on whose family there lay such a slur.

In the summer of 1902 the Crown Prince being then only twenty, it was widely rumoured in Berlin society that he had set his heart on forming a morganatic union with a beautiful young American.

*His Lady's Deceit*

The Crown Prince was said to have first met the young lady at the age of eighteen, and to have remained faithfully devoted to her for two years. It was, however, also asserted by those who claimed to know that she refused all thought of a morganatic marriage, and that therefore the affair had reached the stage of a dead-lock. It will never be known how much truth there was in the whole story; it seems, however, certain that the Crown Prince and the lady had met in England, and that as an

## 66 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

outcome of their acquaintanceship the Crown Prince presented her with a ring which had been given to him by his mother.

The Crown Prince's most serious infatuation was for a well-known and charming American singer. It was in December, 1903, he being then twenty-one, that the Prince sought out his father and firmly declared that he desired to marry her. He stated that he was willing to make any sacrifice, including his right of succession to the throne, in order to wed the beautiful American girl. In his case the words of the old song, "I'd crowns resign to call thee mine," were no mere figure of speech. It is said that only his mother, who has always had more influence over him than any one else, succeeded in persuading him to give up this dream.

At last, very fortunately for himself, the Crown Prince fell desperately in love with a young Princess, who was in every way suitable to become his helpmate, the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Thus, as now happens more and more frequently among the Royal caste, the Prince really chose his wife, and for a considerable time the engagement was nothing more than a private understanding between the young people.



The marriage of an Heir-Apparent must always be the subject of extremely anxious thought and consideration. We know by many revealing letters and diaries, to say nothing of State documents, how much the thought of their eldest son's marriage dwelt with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and with what anxious care they considered first this matrimonial project and that.

The Princess Royal was still a child when there dawned on the minds of those about her the idea that her marriage with the future King of Prussia would indeed be another *belle alliance*, and as we all know there was never a happier and more truly sanctified marriage than theirs. The present German Emperor was only twenty-two when he became a bridegroom, and his marriage also has been a singularly happy and successful one.

It is on record that many princesses were thought of, and that most seriously, for the Crown Prince. It is now strange to reflect that among possible brides one suggestion which strongly attracted both his father and mother was that he should be brought in contact with Princess Alice of Albany.

This young Princess was charming, accomplished, and healthy, a niece of the Dowager

## 68 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Queen of Holland, connected with more than one German kingdom, and sister of a future German ruler. Princess Alice was also known to share the Crown Prince's love of outdoor life and sport. Very fortunately as it now turns out, the suggestion came to nothing.

More serious was the proposal that one of the daughters of the Duke of Cumberland should be the future German Empress. But the time for such an alliance was not yet ripe—indeed, the rumour was effectively disposed of by a semi-official announcement published on the eve of the Crown Prince's journey to Copenhagen to be present at the sixty-sixth birthday of the venerable King Christian. This announcement crudely stated, "His Imperial Highness is paying this visit on the assumption that Princesses of the House of Cumberland will not be present."

The formal betrothal of "His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia" and "Her Highness the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin"—for such were the styles and titles of the two—was formally announced by the Kaiser at a great State dinner which he gave to the

provincial dignitaries of Schleswig-Holstein at Altona on Sunday, September 4, 1904.

The Kaiser had intended to make the formal announcement of the betrothal on the Duchess Cecilie's birthday, September 20. But the young couple, disregarding a very strict injunction, had characteristically forestalled the public announcement by telegraphing the great news to dozens of their relations and their personal friends, using the old-fashioned German formula, "Cecilie and Wilhelm present their respects as an engaged couple." It was said the Crown Prince knew that his father would oppose the match, and so forced his hand.

The news came as a great surprise to the German people, but it was no real surprise to the Courts of Berlin and London. There it was well known that the Prince had fallen deeply in love with the young Princess; further, that the engagement had at first by no means won the approval of either of his parents. And yet outwardly no marriage would seem more suitable and it should be added no Royal marriage of modern days has turned out so far to be more satisfactory.

One ugly note disfigured the printed rejoicings in Germany. A prominent Berlin paper observed, "Glad indeed are we that our Crown

## 70 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Prince has chosen a bride from the DEUTSCHEN family," the word being printed in big letters. The article ended:—"With all respect for the excellent qualities of the Empress Frederick, it must be admitted that she never so far divested herself of her English descent as to become completely German."

The Crown Princess is the younger sister of the reigning Grand Duke Frederick Francis III. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Her mother was the only daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, great-uncle of the present Tsar. Her father died at the age of forty-six in 1897, after having been for many years a confirmed invalid. Her eldest sister, at the time of the engagement, was already the wife of Prince Christian (now the King) of Denmark. The future Crown Princess was also the niece of the Prince Consort of the Netherlands.

But to us now the most curious of all the kinships of the Crown Princess is the fact that she is the niece of the Grand Duke Nicholas, who has commanded with such ability the armies of the Tsar in the present war. Another of her uncles is the Grand Duke Michael, who is well known and deservedly popular in England, where he has made his home for some years past.

The marriage brought the Hohenzollern family into closer relationship with the House of Guelph, as the bride's sister-in-law, the young Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, is the second daughter of the Duke of Cumberland.

All that being so, it might well be asked why the German Emperor did not at first smile on his son's betrothal. The fact is that he both disliked and disapproved of the Duchess Cecilie's mother. That brilliant and clever woman had always shown herself, even after she became the wife of a German sovereign, strongly pro-Russian in sympathy. It was owing to her influence that her invalid husband lived so much at Cannes. There she spent almost the whole of her widowhood, and there both her young daughters were educated.

The Grand Duchess Anastasia was an admirable mother. She brought up her children, however, on cosmopolitan rather than on German lines. The Duchess Cecilie, even as quite a young girl, was distinguished for her cleverness and bright, merry wit. She spoke English, French, and Russian quite perfectly, as well as her native German; and she was far more fond of outdoor life than are most German girls of high degree.

Curiously enough—and it is really very curi-

ous, for such occurrences are rare in Royal circles—the course of true love ran anything but smooth during the months which elapsed between the official announcement of the Crown Prince's betrothal in September, 1904, and his marriage in 1905. True, the two young people became more and more devoted to one another, but a serious misunderstanding arose between the widowed mother of the bride-elect and the parents of the Crown Prince.

In all that relates to marriage Royal etiquette is extremely strict, and most people would say in this country, absurdly old-fashioned. But the Grand Duchess, a true cosmopolitan, held what the Emperor and Empress regarded as shockingly unconventional views, for she argued that as the Crown Prince and her daughter were shortly to be married, they could hardly see too much of one another. She also considered that, as she had become very French in her sympathies, and had received a great deal of kindness from French people, a considerable portion of her daughter's trousseau ought to be made in Paris instead of in Berlin.

Quite properly, the Crown Prince was in hearty agreement with the views of his future mother-in-law. To the surprise of old-fashioned Berliners of all classes, he and his *fiancée* often

went about alone together. On one occasion they attended a concert given by a Hungarian Band at an hotel, and after having sat among the audience for a while the Crown Prince suddenly jumped up, and sending for his violin, took his place among the bandsmen, playing the pieces which he knew to be the Duchess Cecilie's favourites. The young couple also had a happy time at the Duchess's German home at Gelbensande, for there they played tennis and went out motoring to their hearts' content.

Suddenly it became known, to the delight of the more sentimental half of the German people, and to the shocked surprise of the Emperor and Empress and the Court world, that the young couple had gone off from Cannes, under the sole chaperonage of a young lady-in-waiting, for a little tour in Italy. The Crown Prince was recalled by telegram, and it was widely believed that the Kaiser had written a very stern letter of surprised reproof to the young Duchess's mother. As was perhaps natural, the little episode made the Crown Prince more popular than ever.

One unpleasant little incident followed almost at once on the Crown Prince's betrothal, and it aroused great resentment among German Socialists. He actually allowed himself to

## 74 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

figure as defendant in an action brought against him in a Berlin law court for the payment of taxes.

The Prince, as owner of a large estate at Oels, in Silesia, which brings in £6,500 per annum, refused to pay £250 taxes upon the property levied by the local authority, claiming immunity as a member of the Royal family. The Court ruled that the Emperor alone was exempt from taxation, and that his sons and relatives must pay like ordinary citizens.

This untoward incident was, however, soon forgotten, and the country learnt with delight that the Prince was to take a prominent part at the autumn manœuvres.

The manœuvres extended that year from the Baltic inland for sixty miles, between lines drawn southwards from Lübeck and Wismar. It is interesting now to recall the fact that it was on this occasion, just ten years before the outbreak of the Great War, that motor traction was first used on a big scale in connexion with army work.

A special feature of the manœuvres was an attempt to land troops from transports on the coast between Wismar and Travemünde, the fleet supporting the invading army. It was said at the time that, in accordance with a suggestion made by the Crown Prince, the manœuvres were



intended to represent the principal events of the Russo-Japanese war as nearly as possible.

All Royal weddings ought to be celebrated in the summer time. There are still aged people in Germany who can remember how cold, how bitter, how windy was the day which saw the arrival of Princess Frederick of Prussia, the English Princess Royal, into Berlin. The marriage of the present German Emperor and Empress was also a winter wedding, for it was celebrated in February. But the marriage day of the Crown Prince and of the Duchess Cecilie was, as befitted the youth and romantic devotion of the young couple, a June festival; and loyal Berlin went wild with delight at the beautiful pageant presented to its enraptured gaze.

The ceremonies opened with the State entry of the bride-elect into the capital. The start from the Belle Vue Palace was made in the middle of the afternoon, the route, which was two miles long, being lined by hundreds of thousands of good-humoured, happy people, most of whom had waited hours to catch a fleeting glimpse of their future Empress.

It is strange now to put on record that the only foreign envoys who received a rousing welcome from the crowd were the Japanese, who

## 76 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

were greeted with loud cheers. This demonstration was not only accorded to the Prince and Princess Arisugawa, but every single Japanese officer evoked a fresh storm of cheers. Great Britain was represented by Prince Arthur of Connaught, and this offended many Germans, who considered that the Prince of Wales ought to have been chosen.

The Crown Prince preceded his betrothed. Riding at the head of the First Company of Foot Guards, he hastened on to the Royal Palace, and at a comparatively short interval after him came the golden chariot, in which sat the German Empress and the Duchess Cecilie.

This historic carriage was drawn by eight black horses, and was surmounted by a golden helmet and eagle. It went at a foot's pace, and Royal grooms in blue and silver livery walked beside it.

It was noticed that the young Duchess had an extraordinary look of animation and lively joy on her clever, bright young face; and when, within the Brandenburg Gate, she was formally welcomed by the Burgomaster, she spoke her few words of reply in so clear a voice that the silvery accents reached the delighted crowd.

The Emperor, who by this time had become very much attached to his future daughter-in-law,

and who was already fascinated by her lively wit and pretty audacity of manner, was waiting for her at the foot of the great staircase of the castle.

A curious little story was told concerning the reception by the Emperor of the young Duchess. According to the elaborate programme which had been drawn up, the guard of honour drawn up under the command of the Crown Prince was to present arms as the Duchess walked from the state coach to the Knights' Hall.

For the first time, it was said, in his life, the Kaiser in his excitement forgot a military function. Without allowing time for the little ceremony, he gave his arm to the Duchess and strode up the staircase with her.

"That is all very well," said the Crown Prince to the officers standing round him, "but Papa has run off with my bride! Where do I come in?"

Time went on, there was no sign of the Duchess, and someone suggested that the Crown Prince should follow her upstairs.

"No, indeed I won't. They cannot do anything without me, as I am one of the two contracting parties. I am here to do honour to the Duchess and make my men present arms; I will not budge till that duty is fulfilled."

## 78 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

The Kaiser was informed of the difficulty. Laughing good-humouredly, he came out on the balcony, the Duchess Cecilie still on his arm. The Crown Prince paraded his men, they presented arms, and then he hastened upstairs to sign the marriage contract.

The next morning the Emperor and Empress and the Duchess Cecilie went in state to the Cathedral. In former times it had been customary for a Royal couple to go to this church in State after their marriage; but as, following the new dispensation, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess were to spend their honeymoon away from the capital, the Kirchgang, as it was called, was arranged to take place on June 4th, which happened to fall on a Sunday, instead of on the 7th.

The marriage ceremonies—for there were two—began at four o'clock in the afternoon by the placing of the Prussian princely crown on the head of the Duchess Cecilie. This was done by the German Empress in the bride's private apartments just after she had been dressed by her old nurse in her wedding gown.

The civil marriage was performed at half past four in the Hall of Electors, and was attended only by the more intimate members of the Im-

perial and Royal families. Exactly the same formalities were fulfilled as if the marriage had taken place at a public registrar's office.

From this private ceremony the bridal pair walked straight to the private chapel, the Crown Prince wearing the uniform of a captain of the First Regiment of Foot Guards with the ribbons of the Orders of the Black Eagle and the Wendish Crown, which latter is the highest Mecklenburg Order. The bride carried a bouquet of white carnations, her bridegroom's favourite flower.

In addition to all the official guests, there were present a number of young naval and military officers, personal friends from boyhood and early youth of the Crown Prince.

The marriage ceremony only lasted twenty minutes, and at its close the Court preacher, Dr. Dryander, whose name has acquired rather a sinister significance during the present war, handed the newly married couple a copy of the Bible in the name of the German people.

The torchlight dance, which has been from time immemorial a feature of Hohenzollern weddings, took place in the White Room of the old Schloss, the newly-married pair naturally opening the ball. The time-honoured custom of

## 80 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

dividing the bride's garter was also duly observed.

At the marriage feast—for so indeed it was—which took place on the evening of the wedding day, the Emperor in proposing the toast of the newly wedded couple made a very touching little speech :—

“My dear daughter Cecilie, I bid you heartily welcome in the name of my whole House. You have come among us, like the Queen of Spring, amid roses and garlands and the unexampled rejoicing of the people. Queen Louise, and other Princesses on the Prussian throne, furnish a standard by which people will form their judgment of your life; while your life and acts, my dear son, will be measured by the great examples set by your grandfather and great-grandfather.”

He wound up with the words: “May your household be an example for the younger generation, according with the confession of faith of William the Great. ‘My strength belongs to the world and the Fatherland.’ Accept then for yourselves my blessing for your life course.”

The French Government had sent a military deputation to the wedding, and the day which followed the ceremony saw these French officers, with what mixed feelings we can well imagine, specially invited by the Kaiser to be present at

a brilliant little series of war manœuvres close to Potsdam. During the sham fight the Emperor discussed questions of tactics with his guests, and they wound up the morning by having luncheon with him.

On their return from the honeymoon, which was spent at the Emperor's shooting box, Hubertus-stock, the bride and bridegroom had a magnificent reception, which was indeed said to outdo the splendours of the wedding day itself. Germans have always attached great importance to the home-coming of a bride.

The Crown Princess drove to the charming Marble Palace which was to be her first and cloudless married home, through miles of garlanded and decorated streets. Strange to say, the butchers of Berlin played a very prominent part in the rejoicings. Garbed in black dress coats with blue and white sashes, they were mounted on white horses and preceded by the beautiful banner given to their Corporation by Queen Louise in 1814. The butchers of Berlin had then shown themselves true patriots, much had they sacrificed to their beloved Fatherland, and this was why they were accorded the privilege, for all time, to be the first to welcome each succeeding Queen of Prussia into the capital.

## 82 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

But every Berlin trade guild was well to the front, accompanied by its band and banner, carrying in every case the implement symbolic of its business. Thus the masons carried on four poles a model of the new home of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess; the coach-builders bore a gilt coach; and so on.

The Marble Palace, to which the Crown Prince brought home his bride, is a beautiful old house, built in what we should call the Georgian style. Though begun in 1786, it was not really finished till 1845.

It is exquisitely situated on the banks of a lake, and is surrounded with flowing streams, beautiful woods, and lovely gardens. Strangely enough, the most curious and original part of the palace is the kitchen, which looks like a classical temple, and which is connected with the main building by a subterranean passage.

The only one of the Potsdam Royal palaces never shown to the public, the Marble Palace contains a small but choice collection of pictures. The Crown Prince, even before his marriage, had had many associations with the palace, for it was there that he spent many happy days as a little child.



## CHAPTER V

### FAMILY AND SOCIAL LIFE

ON July 4th, 1906, the Crown Princess gave birth to her first child, who to the ecstatic joy of her young husband, the Emperor, and the whole German people, was a son. The words on everyone's lips were "Three Emperors," just as on the birth of the Crown Prince himself during the lifetime of the old Emperor William the popular cry was "Four Kings."

The event made the reigning Emperor a grandfather at the age of forty-seven, whereas the same dignity only accrued to William I. when he was sixty, and to the Emperor Frederick when he was fifty.

Universal were the demonstrations of public enthusiasm. The event was announced by a salute of a hundred-and-one guns from the battery of Potsdam; and when there thundered forth the thirty-eighth charge the happy people at once realised that a future Kaiser was born,

## 84 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

for only thirty-seven would have marked the advent of a Princess. At once every window in Berlin and Potsdam was beflagged, and it was said that within an hour every town and village in Germany had also put on its gala dress.

In the public schools the boys and girls sang "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz" and cheered the newly-born Prince, after which they dispersed to observe the great day as a holiday. The soldiers in all the garrisons also received a holiday, as well as extra rations.

Great importance was attached to the question of who should be godfather to the Crown Prince's eldest son, and much pleasure was expressed when it became known that King Edward and the Emperors Francis Joseph of Austria and Nicholas of Russia, as well as the Kings of Italy and Norway, would be sponsors.

The christening of the important baby took place on August 29, at the odd hour of six o'clock in the evening. The Prince was christened Wilhelm Friedrich Franz Joseph Christian Olaf. King Edward was represented by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Tsar by the Grand Duke Vladimir, and the Emperor of Austria by the Archduke Joseph.

About the christening a curious little story may be told. King Edward sent his great-great-

nephew a large silver-gilt four-handled christening cup, engraved with the coats of arms of the Royal families of Great Britain and Prussia. It was desired that round the rim should be engraved the Christian names of the Imperial infant, but, according to a Hohenzollern family custom, the names of a baby are not allowed to be announced before the ceremony. So strictly was the secret kept in this case, that Prince Christian, who had been asked by King Edward to have the inscription engraved immediately on his arrival in Berlin, could not learn the names in time to have the work done before the great day.

Now the inscription runs: "To Prince Wilhelm Friedrich Franz Joseph Christian Olaf of Prussia, from his Godfather and Great-Great-Uncle, Edward R. et I."

The Crown Prince's other children are still quite little, but there are a few interesting things to be said about them.

The second child was born on November 9th, 1907, the birthday of his great-great-uncle, King Edward. Among his Royal sponsors were our late Sovereign and Princess Victoria; and among his names were those of Victor Edward.

It is, however, significant that the name by

## 86 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

which the little Prince has always been known is Louis Ferdinand, and these rather peculiar and un-German names were chosen as having belonged to Frederick the Great.

There was also another reason for the name of Ferdinand, which belongs to Count Zeppelin, who was among the godfathers. Seven years before, the great aeronaut had made the first ascent in a dirigible airship.

Berlin has always been a city of rather spiteful gossip, and it was said at the time that the Emperor was annoyed that this distinction should be given to one who, if a great popular hero, had not then proved that his extraordinary invention would ever be of practical use. The Crown Prince, however, triumphed, and the Count attended the christening ceremony, bearing with him as his gift to the infant Prince a chandelier in silver and glass exactly representing the airship Zeppelin III.

The third son was born in September, 1909, and was christened Hubert Charles William. The fourth son was born on December 19th, 1911, and was christened Frederick George William Christopher. Some comment was aroused by the fact that the Crown Prince was not with his wife at the time, but remained with his regiment at Dantzic, and it was

explained that he had a very bad cold which prevented him from travelling. This cold, although he quickly recovered from it, also prevented him from attending the New Year's reception at the Prussian Court—indeed, he did not return to Berlin until January 3.

This fourth son of the Crown Prince is particularly interesting to us because his sixteen godparents included King George and the Tsaritsa, as well as the Queen of Italy and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose murder set alight the conflagration of the Great War.

The birth of the Crown Prince's only daughter in April, 1915, and the story of her strange godparents, will be found in a later chapter dealing with those terrific conflicts in the midst of which the little princess made her appearance.

In every way the Crown Prince and Crown Princess soon made themselves popular with the younger and more frivolous section of Berlin society. They entertained—when they did entertain—on a magnificent scale, this being made the more easy owing to the fact that the Crown Princess is in her own right a woman of great wealth.

Perhaps the most successful entertainment ever

## 88 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

given by them jointly was a fancy dress ball in February, 1907. The young hostess wore a Louis Quatorze gown of light yellow velvet, and the Crown Prince the magnificent uniform of a Russian Chevalier Guard. The Emperor, who is very fond of fancy dress, chose a seventeenth century costume, while the Empress's gown was copied from one worn by her great-grandmother, the beautiful Duchess of Holstein.

Every form of amusing outdoor sport appeals equally to the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess. They spent happy days in the winter of 1908 at St. Moritz bob-sleighbing. The Crown Prince named his sleigh "Red Eagle," and was said at the time to have received a sharp reprimand from his father in consequence!

The Crown Prince once observed to a friend how glad he was that he had been born and almost entirely brought up in pre-motor days. As a youth he was devoted to tandem driving, and at one time spent every spare moment driving a high dog-cart with two splendid brown horses, Elector and Junger Herr, harnessed tandem. All the Kaiser's sons are fine whips, but the Crown Prince is the finest of them all.

One of his riding feats which is most often recalled was when, while still a captain, he led

a troop of cavalry up the long flight of stone steps in six terrace-like divisions which rise from the Potsdam Park to the Sans Souci Palace. As he rode up the steps he called out "Follow me," and his recruits one and all obeyed. It is said that when his father was told, his only remark was that Von Ziethen had done a very much finer thing when, as a young officer, he galloped his horse between the revolving sails of a windmill.

In May, 1904, the Crown Prince rode an Irish hunter in the great military steeplechase which is held at Berlin each year for the Emperor's cup. This was the first occasion on which a prince of the Imperial House had been allowed to enter into a sports competition with any of his fellow subjects. The result was a tie.

On another occasion the Prince rode an Irish hunter named Keriman in the riding competition of the Potsdam Guards. He won the prize, but graciously passed it on to the second in the contest.

On yet another occasion he took part in the Manœuvre Jagd Race; it was, however, won by Lieutenant Count Königsmarck, who was at the time believed to be the finest German rider living. Curiously enough, both the Prince and the Count rode English horses with English

## 90 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

names, the Count's mare being named Freedom, and the Prince's gelding Toogood.

In 1907 the world of Berlin was surprised to learn that the Crown Prince was to a certain extent putting aside his military duties in order to master the intricacies of the Civil Service, which in Germany are very great. It may be doubted whether this new departure was as much the young man's own suggestion as was said at the time. It is more likely that his father desired him to learn something of the civil administration of the Empire. Be that as it may, he certainly worked exceedingly hard, and, to the disgust of some of his fellow officials made a point of being at whatever public office he happened to be working in at the moment at a quarter to nine, though he was then living at Potsdam, and this zealous punctuality meant breakfast at seven o'clock.

It was noticed that he generally picked out for special study those subjects which, though forming part of the civil administration, were of direct or indirect interest to the Army. Thus, when working at the Ministry of Agriculture, he made himself master of the various problems connected with horse-breeding; and when he learnt that a special meeting to consider the



question was to be held on a certain evening, he broke an important social engagement in order to be present.

While working as hard as any clerk, he refused to wear comfortable civilian dress, but always arrived in the trim fitting uniform of a major of the Cuirassiers.

It was also arranged that the Prince should attend a series of lectures specially prepared with a view to making him thoroughly understand Prussian constitutionalism from both the theoretical and practical points of view. He was encouraged to interrupt the lecturer and ask him questions.

He also made a very thorough study of the municipal and county forms of German government. This was no light study, for nowhere in the world is there so complex a system of taxation, of national insurance, and of old age pensions; in fact it may be said that the special Ministry—that of the Interior—on which the Crown Prince was asked to concentrate his mind deals with practically everything affecting his future subjects excepting military service, of which he already knew everything that was to be known.

This was the first time on record that a Prussian Prince had ever been separated from

## 92 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

his regiment for so long a time to engage in a purely civilian duty, and there is no doubt that the fact greatly added to his popularity in a country so official-ridden as was Germany before the Great War.

In 1907 the Crown Prince did a brave thing in exposing what became known as the Eulenburg scandal. It is not a pleasant subject, but it is necessary to explain briefly what occurred.

The Emperor had quite unconsciously allowed himself to be surrounded by a crowd of men of the most abandoned moral character, and their influence became so great that they were recognised by the public as a regular camarilla. They exercised a decisive influence over the Kaiser, if not in matters of high State policy, then certainly in the bestowal of honours, promotions, and appointments in the diplomatic and other services. Even the most worthy servants of the State could hardly expect recognition unless they stood well with the camarilla.

It is one of the most curious and significant facts about the Kaiser that he should have allowed a clique of this kind to dominate him. It is certain that the particular vice which formed the main link between the members of the camarilla is one of which the Emperor has

always had a peculiar horror. That being so, the conclusion is inevitable that the Emperor can have but little insight into human character. Even a comparatively stupid man, one would think, could hardly have been in almost daily association with persons of such tastes without having his suspicions aroused sooner or later.

The principal member of the camarilla was Prince Philip von Eulenburg-Hertefeld, a man of ancient and distinguished family, who had been German Ambassador in Vienna, had been created a Prince as far back as the year 1900, and was thought by many to be a future Chancellor. He was undoubtedly one of the closest friends of the Imperial family, and the Emperor and the young Princes had constantly stayed with him in his beautiful castle of Liebenberg, in the Mark of Brandenburg. Every year the Prince was invited to accompany the Emperor in his annual yachting cruise in Scandinavian waters, and he usually formed one of the Imperial suite on the Emperor's visits to foreign Courts.

Prince Philip, the Kaiser's troubadour, as he was nicknamed, came of a very powerful family—indeed, “clever as an Eulenburg” has long been a saying in Prussia. They were one and all favourites of the Imperial family; the late Emperor Frederick had had a very great friend

## 94 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

among them, and another had been high in favour with Bismarck and at one time had actually been engaged to the Prince's daughter. It was said of the Eulenburgs that they had been Court favourites for eight hundred years.

From the day William II. had become Kaiser he had shown various members of the family special favour. One had accompanied him to Palestine; yet another had been in attendance on his Royal master during his journey to Osborne on the occasion of Queen Victoria's death.

As to Prince Philip, musician, poet, man of the world, who is said to have been the only high Prussian Court official with conciliatory and agreeable manners, he might claim to be the Kaiser's most intimate friend. It was at his castle of Liebenberg that Bismarck's doom was sealed; it was there, too, that the Kaiser actually dismissed Bismarck's successor, Caprivi.

To attack the Eulenburg dynasty was in those days a far more formidable thing than to attack the Bismarck dynasty in old days. But of course favourites always have enemies, and the Crown Prince probably knew that he would not lack supporters.

Other members of the camarilla were Count Kuno von Moltke, a nephew of the great soldier,

and General Count Hohenau, who was actually a blood relation of the Emperor.

The scandal was exposed by the journalist known as Maximilian Harden in a paper called *Die Zukunft*. The Crown Prince himself did not become aware of these revelations immediately. It was given in evidence at the subsequent trial that he learnt of them by accident, happening to overhear a remark made by an officer in the course of a club conversation. But the hint was quite enough; the Crown Prince acted promptly. He read the file of *Die Zukunft*, and, in consequence, requested General Haesler to enlighten the Emperor. The General pointed out, however, that Prince Eulenburg was no longer in the Army, and he suggested that the Crown Prince should himself undertake the task.

This the Crown Prince was very unwilling to do, but ultimately, seeing that no one else had the courage, he told his father the whole story. The Emperor at first refused to believe a word of the facts put before him, but he allowed a secret Police Commission to be appointed, and in the face of their report he found incredulity no longer possible. In spite of every kind of effort made not only by the Prince's friends and relations, but also by the friends and con-

## 96 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

nections of other parties who were found to be equally guilty, the Emperor entirely refused to have the matter hushed up.

The principal persons concerned were deprived of their posts; no attempt seems to have been made to hush up the scandal—indeed, Prince Eulenburg was placed on his trial, in which the evidence was such that everybody was glad when it was over.

The trial took place, as far as was possible in the circumstances, in public, and in Berlin. The unhappy man in the dock had already gone through such an ordeal of agony and pain that he was utterly broken physically and mentally. Soon it became clear even to the Emperor, who, in this matter, showed himself stern and pitiless, that the Prince was not in a condition to go on with such an ordeal.

The one person who may be said to have benefited from the miserable affair was the Crown Prince. It does not appear that any considerable number of Germans drew the true moral, namely, that they had for their ruler a man who, to say the least of it, was unobservant and easily imposed on.

The personal popularity of the Crown Prince grew by leaps and bounds, and he was ably

seconded by his brilliant, clever, and charming young wife. She won a very firm place in the hearts of the German people by selling quite unostentatiously a number of her most valuable jewels in order to aid more adequately the sufferers in a great mine disaster. The fact that her unconventional and high-spirited actions were not always approved by her father-in-law and her mother-in-law only made her the more liked by those who, such is human nature, would have been the first to feel injured by her conduct had she been their own daughter-in-law.

It was about this time that the war party in Germany began to give up the Emperor as hopeless and to centre all their hopes for the future on the Crown Prince.

A Press campaign did a good deal to assist the young man's popularity. Home-keeping Germans were thrilled with stories of his reckless riding, his "scorching" exploits as a motorist, and his daring stopping of run-away horses.

Another class of story was artfully contrived to appeal to feminine sympathies. The Crown Prince was very fond of children, and would often stop in the street to admire and give sweets to little ones who attracted his notice. He would often give lifts in his car to weary people tramping by the wayside. He would give a pretty

## 98 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

flower girl a sovereign for a penny bunch of flowers.

Another time he had a long conversation with an old street hawker, and, hearing that she was suffering from toothache, he sent for his own private dentist to treat her. From another hawker he bought her whole stock-in-trade of sweets, and distributed them among the beaters at a shoot. In fact, whether truthfully or not, he was always being credited with impulsive actions which, though trivial in themselves, seemed to show that he was bubbling over with human sympathy.

It is perhaps difficult for us to realise how much this meant in Germany, where the traditions of Royalty have been, on the whole, those of appalling stiffness and dulness. The German people were shown that the young captain who was to lead them to victory in the great war of the future was at any rate not stupid, stiff, and pompous, as if he had swallowed a ramrod.

Various little indications also began to appear that the young man was able to think for himself, and sometimes to come to different conclusions from those of his Imperial father. Some writers have attributed this independence to the fact that owing to his wife's dowry he was no longer dependent on his father for his income.



The Crown Prince was thought to be an almost perfect amalgam of his parents—to have all his father's good points without his father's obvious defects, together with all his mother's good sense, sound judgment, and sweetness of nature.

One thing which greatly contributed to his popularity was his enthusiastic interest in aeronautics. As far as he was able, he encouraged in every way the dreams and ambitions of Count Zeppelin, and he was quite fearless in his personal patronage of airships. In November, 1908, the Crown Prince steered the largest Zeppelin then made during a sixty-mile voyage from Lake Constance to Donaueschingen, where, from mid-air, he welcomed the Kaiser on the latter's arrival by train from Vienna.

It was rather a perilous trip, for soon after the airship had left its shed a thick fog came on, and the cold increased to ten degrees of frost. For a considerable time the airship travelled at thirty-five miles an hour through grey fog clouds with nothing to guide it but the compass. Suddenly from the fog emerged the tops of trees, and what might have been a fatal collision was averted by a skilful movement of the Crown Prince, who was steering in the front car, his companion being Count Zeppelin himself. Not

till it reached the valley of the Danube did the airship sail into glorious sunshine. The barometer registered a height of 3,000 ft. above the sea-level.

A curious incident occurred when an attempt was made to liberate some pigeons carrying letters to various addresses. The poor birds, overawed by the extraordinary appearance of the flying monster under which they found themselves, refused to depart. Some hid in the steering apparatus, and others sought safety in the cars, from which they were forcibly thrown off.

Near Donaueschingen the Imperial train was sighted in the distance. Soon airship and train met, and there was a lively interchange of greetings from the son high up in the air and the father below as both sped on towards the station. Amid the shouts of the enthusiastic populace all the way to the castle of Prince Fürstenberg, the airship accompanied the Imperial car. It manœuvred for about ten minutes, and finally the Crown Prince dropped two letters, one to the Kaiser and the other to his wife. The airship then departed. On the way back the Crown Prince himself steered between Singen and Immenstaad, making the vessel perform all kinds of manœuvres until the freezing of some of the pipes compelled an immediate return.

The following year the Crown Prince made an ascent in an aeroplane, being the first member of the Royal caste to do so. His pilot was Mr. Orville Wright. The biplane only went up to some sixty feet in height, and was not up more than a quarter of an hour. In describing his experiences afterwards, Mr. Wright observed :—

“Although the Crown Prince did not say much more than ‘Fine’ when he was up in the air with me, I could read all the impressions on his face. I never took up any passenger who looked so pleased. He was absolutely delighted. He just smiled when we started, and kept smiling right along. I felt a great responsibility in having the future German Emperor as a passenger, not that I mistrusted my machine, but because I knew how scared the spectators would be if any little irregularity occurred, so I kept low at starting. This did not please the Prince, who continually urged me higher. The Prince was not in the least nervous nor evidently were the Imperial family.”

Like most Royal personages, the Crown Prince very soon became an enthusiastic photographer. He was especially fond of taking pictures of interest to military students. Twice in one year he made a very careful survey of the Vosges

country, taking a large number of photographs each time. It was well known in the Prince's entourage that in the event of war breaking out with France he hoped to be given the command of the army which would work in the Vosges.

It was in 1908 that it became known that the Crown Prince had applied for a patent for a new kind of stud for shirt-cuffs. The device consisted of a clever combination of the link principle with that of a two-part stud, the object being to unite the security of the former with the ease of adjustment of the latter. Unfortunately for the young inventor, several firms contested his right to the patent, and he was therefore obliged reluctantly to withdraw his application.

It is curious that the Crown Prince has never shown any great interest in, or intimacy with, his brothers; and the only time his name was prominently associated with that of his only sister was when he put so great an affront on her future husband, the present Duke of Brunswick.

In this matter the Crown Prince is again very unlike his father, for the Kaiser and Prince Henry of Prussia have always been devoted friends, and William II. has no more loyal

subject than the prince to whom the German Navy owes so much.

Prince Eitel Frederick should be the Crown Prince's great friend, for there are only fourteen months between their ages, and they have many tastes in common. When they were at Ploen together it looked as though they were going to be as intimately united as are the Kaiser and Prince Henry, but after they grew up they drifted apart, and it was said in Berlin that this was owing to the fact that Prince Eitel Frederick has always been the favourite son of his father.

At one time he was considered to be more popular than the Crown Prince, and he is certainly the only one of the younger princes of the Imperial House who can vie with his eldest brother as soldier, sportsman, and athlete.

In spite of the Crown Prince's affectionate memories of Ploen he is no lover of the water, and perhaps that is one reason why, before the war, he was less well known to many English people than his brothers.

It used to be said, and may even have been true, that the Crown Prince regretted the immense sums which of late years have been spent on the German Navy. Be that as it may, the Kaiser trained his third son, Prince Adalbert, for what is certainly in Germany the junior service. And

## 104 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

whereas volumes might be written as to the connexion of both the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry, with every form of naval enterprise, the Crown Prince on no single occasion echoed or assented to the famous dictum that Germany's future lies upon the water.

The Germans, with their strange passion for ticketing everything and everybody, were at one time fond of calling the eldest son of their Kaiser "unbeschriebenes Blatt"—in other words, a page on which nothing has yet been written, a blank sheet. But that, excepting in very early childhood, he can never be said to have been.

What might more truly be said of him, and might still be said of him, is that he is quite unlike any of his immediate forbears. In no sense at all does he recall his brilliant, restless father, or his steadfast, thoughtful, broad-minded grandfather. As for his great-grandfather, whom some think he has taken as a model, for the old Emperor William was above all things a soldier and only a soldier, there is nothing in common between this vain, headstrong, confident young man and the faithful friend and loyal master of Bismarck. William I. was keenly aware of his own limitations, and this was why

he became and remained for so long a great power in Europe.

One thing may be said to the Crown Prince's credit, for it is always right to give the devil his due; he has shown quite as much in his private as in his public life a strong independence of character. This was strikingly manifested some years ago by a very curious incident.

In an American court of law there was suddenly produced a series of letters written by the future Kaiser to a very close friend, Count von Hochberg.

What had happened was curious. Count von Hochberg had in a very real sense thrown up the world for love. Although he was a most intimate friend of the Crown Prince and had in front of him a brilliant career in the army, he married a girl of quite humble birth and settled with her in the New World. His family regarded him as dead, and indeed he gave his father his word of honour that he would change his name, which he did, for the ordinary one of Barnes.

Now, oddly enough, he formed a business association with a man of the name of Barnes; the two had a violent quarrel, and it was during the law case which ensued that these letters, written by the Crown Prince to his old friend,

## 106 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

were made public. How significant it now seems that the future Kaiser adopted the nickname of "Cæsar," and was always so addressed by his friend !

The letters are kind, warm-hearted, and on the whole entirely redound to the writer's credit. A good deal of the correspondence is taken up with the question as to whether or not in honour Count von Hochberg was really bound to drop his "noble name."

Again and again the Crown Prince writes to his "dear Mucki," "You cannot escape from your written promise made upon your honour. If I had ever written the words, 'If I marry below my station I shall change my name,' then I should keep my word." And he goes on to say, "Personally it will be quite indifferent to me whether you have this or another name, you will always be my own friend and I shall always be faithful to you. You cannot change your sense of honour with your domicile."

But most interesting of all was a passage in which "Cæsar" wrote :—

"Papa has now become very kind to me; we are a great deal nearer than we have ever been. Quite lately we had a long talk concerning political matters, and I cannot tell you how glad I am of it. In old days my position was that of



a sailor who is allowed to know nothing of navigation, though he may at any time be called upon to take command on the bridge."

It is clear that what had altered the situation from the Kaiser's point of view was his son's brilliant, successful marriage. The Emperor is much attached to his pretty, clever daughter-in-law, and in this matter of his marriage his heir has fulfilled the happiest expectations which he and the Empress could have made.

## CHAPTER VI

### VISIT TO INDIA : RATTLING THE SABRE

IN the winter of 1910-11 the Crown Prince paid a memorable visit to India and Ceylon. The Crown Princess went out with him, but did not go on to India. While the Crown Princess was learning to play golf in Ceylon, the Prince was introduced to the great sport of elk hunting, and was in at the death—indeed, he himself dispatched the quarry with his hunting knife. On another day he shot a tusker elephant, and received a solemn telegram of congratulation on the event from his father.

One reads with mixed feelings that the Prince travelled from Ceylon to Bombay in the German cruiser "Gneisenau." How little he foresaw the fate of that fine ship!

It was noticed with delight that when he landed at Bombay and caught sight of the statue of King George, he instantly saluted. At Bombay he played his first game of polo in India, scoring

twice for the Government House team against the Gymkhana.

From Bombay he went to Hyderabad, where he had notable success in hunting cheetah and panther, killing two of the latter, and also shooting black buck. More significant is the fact that at Hyderabad he himself handled at a review the 33rd Regiment of Cavalry, leading it in a charge.

At Jaipur he enjoyed his first experience of pig-sticking and tiger-shooting. This was on Christmas Eve. The Prince and some friends went out before breakfast and started a fine boar, which the Prince himself speared. Then while they were sitting at breakfast news arrived of a tiger, and everyone rushed off to the spot.

The tiger broke, bounded along the line, and finally fell to a long shot from the Prince's rifle. It was a full-grown male, and was shot near the place where the late King Edward, the Tsar, and King George also killed their first tigers.

At Abbottabad the Prince was entertained with a sham fight intended to show the conduct of hill warfare. It was an attack by the 5th and 9th Gurkhas, aided by a mountain battery, on a position held by a "savage" enemy. In a very few years these Gurkhas were winning deathless fame in Flanders for their attacks on a really savage enemy.

## 110 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

The Crown Prince does seem to have won his spurs as an Indian sportsman—though many Anglo-Indians would say with a meaning smile that the Government of India makes special arrangements to secure that distinguished guests shall never be unsuccessful in any sport which is offered to them.

However that may be, the Prince certainly shot five tigers which had been causing much mischief among the cattle in the Sunderbunds, near Calcutta. At one of his shoots a tiger badly mauled a coolie beater. The Prince was so much concerned that he brought the beater back in his own boat, in addition to giving him a handsome present.

But by his father's special wish the Crown Prince was not allowed to escape what he no doubt considered the boredom of instructive sight-seeing. He was shown colonisation and irrigation schemes and the details of civil and military administration. One wonders how far the traditional German contempt for native races was modified in the Crown Prince's case by personal contact. One cannot help wondering, too, whether the Prince arrived at certain erroneous conclusions regarding the true strength of British power in India,

and whether he was really very much surprised when, on the outbreak of the Great War, the whole of India almost to a man leapt to arms in defence of the British Raj.

According to an Indian writer a rather curious little incident occurred during one of the Crown Prince's hunting expeditions. After reading a passage in an English paper which recorded an opinion expressed by Mr. Gibson Bowles that one day war between England and Germany was sure to come to pass, the Prince observed rather heatedly :—

“The Germans are very peaceful, and war is the last thing they want. Besides, why should we fight England—England who is so closely allied to us by blood and sentiment, the only country with whom we care to be friends on a perfect footing of equality? I myself have always liked England, and I have always followed the policy of my father—that policy is that the peace of the world can only be maintained by a close understanding between England and Germany.”

On the Crown Prince's departure an English newspaper correspondent ecstatically declared that he had left everywhere memories of liking and goodwill :—

“From the day of his arrival his personality

dominated the tour. Though disliking ceremony, the Prince bore his part with dignity when occasion demanded. His almost boyish joy of living captivated everyone. Men felt their youth renewed in the sunny atmosphere of his whole-hearted enjoyment of life. A never-failing charm of manner added to this made up a very winning personality. He leaves behind him sympathetic and kindly feelings towards himself, and has carried away an admiration for Great Britain's work, and feelings of good-will and perhaps affection for many individual Englishmen."

This rosy picture obviously represents the official view of the Government of India, but it was hardly borne out at the time by current rumours. Indeed, it is now known that the Prince indulged in certain scandalous escapades, one of which, in a native State, was so serious that he had to be hurried *incognito* into a train and whirled away at express speed from the scene.

Naturally, the Crown Prince himself had the grace to acknowledge the hospitality with which he had been received everywhere. He declared on his departure that he carried away from India the most interesting, enjoyable, and affectionate impressions, and he went on to refer to the re-

markable administration of an enormous territory by so small a number of officials.

Would it be doing him an injustice to suppose that the idea also occurred to him that the day might come when the power of that handful of officials would crumble away? Still, officially, the Prince was full of the most correct expressions of gratitude, and he particularly noted the kindness shown to the officers and crew of the "Gneisenau" and the "Leipzig."

The Crown Prince left India in February, 1911, but it was not till June, 1912, that his book, "From My Hunting Diary," was published. The profits he generously devoted to providing three weeks' country holiday for a hundred boys attending the elementary schools in Berlin. The Royal author himself described his book in pompous terms as "Stray Leaves from the Diary of a Lover of the Chase and the True Sport of Hunting, to whom Nature, the Mighty and Lovely, is the Never-failing Spring of Beauty and Joy in Life."

The book is certainly something more than a mere record of sport; it shows that he did not care merely for making bags, but that he liked to walk up his game, that he knew the delights of toil and danger, the lure of the wilderness,

## 114 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

and the happiness of *camaraderie* round a wood fire in the evening after an eventful day. It gives accounts of sport in many lands, not only in India, and the Prince is particularly enthusiastic over the way in which grouse are shot in Scotland.

Perhaps the most extraordinary story in the book is that of the spectre stag. In the midst of the Mützelberger Forest there is an open meadow where, once every year, and only once, a noble stag of fourteen points is to be seen feeding. No one can ever shoot him. The Crown Prince admits having missed him three times, once when the stag was standing perfectly still at a distance of some thirty metres. The last attempt had the most singular conclusion of all, for the beast was apparently hit and seen to fall dead, and the Prince and the head forester solemnly shook hands; but when they reached the spot where the quarry lay, they found an entirely different stag.

It may be asked whether the Crown Prince really wrote the book, or whether he was "ghosted." This is a suspicion which seems always to cling to the published works of "Royal and noble authors," but in this case it is almost certainly groundless.

After all, there is nothing improbable in



the Crown Prince's authorship of this book, which no one pretends to be a marvellous work of genius. It is also quite likely that he has inherited something of the literary gift which distinguished a good many of his nearest relations. He has the pen of a ready writer, and can express himself with clearness and eloquence. Thus on one occasion the Prince wrote with full-hearted enthusiasm of the life of a cavalry officer. But it is now at once terrible and pathetic to note how, even in those days of profound peace, he was always yearning for war:—

“How often in the midst of a charge have I caught the yearning cry of a comrade, ‘Donnerwetter, if it were only in earnest!’ That is the cavalry spirit. Every true soldier must feel and know it. ‘Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.’”

Early in 1911 the Emperor decided that his eldest son should be appointed to command the famous Death's Head Hussars at Dantzic. The regiment formed part of the 17th Army Corps under the command of General von Mackensen, who, as the *Cologne Gazette* enthusiastically observed, “by his Spartan simplicity gives a glowing example to his officers and men.” We may add that the general, who comes of an old

## 116 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Scottish stock, did very well against the Russians on the eastern front in the Great War, though on one occasion he narrowly escaped being captured with all his staff.

As a matter of fact, Dantzig had certain associations with the Prussian Royal House which made its choice in this instance particularly significant. It was there that the Crown Prince's grandfather, the Emperor Frederick, was banished on a famous occasion when he made a kind of demonstration against the policy of his father, the old Emperor William.

Although the popular journals were instructed to praise Dantzig with truly German thoroughness from the military, artistic, commercial, political, hygienic, and agricultural points of view, it was perfectly well known that it was the kind of place that no one would want to go to unless he was obliged, or at any rate for more than a brief visit,—in other words, there could be no doubt that the Prince's appointment was in the nature of a banishment.

During this same year the Crown Prince represented the Berlin Court at the coronation of King George. While he was on this visit to England, he was gazetted Colonel-in-Chief of the 11th Hussars, a regiment which had been

known as Prince Albert's Own, while their motto is German, "Treu und fest," one which reads rather strangely in these days. The "Cherry Breeks," as they are called, were once commanded by the famous Lord Cardigan, and were led by him in the charge of the Light Brigade.

There is no doubt that the Crown Prince was gratified by this honour. In May, 1914, Major Renner, the military *attaché* at the German Embassy, went to Aldershot and presented to the 11th Hussars a large oil painting of the Crown Prince in his uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

It is worthy of remark that the Crown Prince has twice seen this country at her best—first in the universal mourning for Queen Victoria, and secondly in the universal rejoicings at King George's coronation. One wonders whether in his heart of hearts he agreed with the conclusion arrived at by so many of his fellow-countrymen—that Britain was a decadent nation, lapped in wealth and ease, that she would be afraid to play her part in the great war which was coming, and could be comfortably finished off by Germany afterwards at her leisure.

How strange now to recall the remark made by a distinguished Englishman present at King George's coronation, namely, that the young

## 118 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

German Crown Prince was "the most popular of foreign figures in the pageant."

Years had gone by since the Prince had last visited this country, for, according to the etiquette which rules such ceremonial events, it is not usual for an Heir Apparent to accompany his father during a State visit to a foreign country. Thus he naturally took no part in the Kaiser's triumphant progress in 1907. But during the coronation festivities he was very affectionately entertained.

In November, 1911, the Crown Prince suddenly emerged, or rather thrust himself, full into the limelight, and became for a space the most conspicuous figure certainly in Germany and even for a moment in Europe.

The strained relations of Germany with France over the Moroccan question had ended in an apparent settlement which was not at all to the taste of his Imperial Highness. When the subject was to be debated in the Reichstag, the Prince, who was then at Dantzic, obtained three days' leave and made his appearance in the Court box of the Chamber. There, while one of the Junker firebrands was delivering a furious attack on Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, for his supposed subservi-

ence to England and France, the Crown Prince plainly showed, by his gestures and his applause, in which direction his sympathies lay.

In some ways it was doubtless a misfortune that Dantzic had been chosen as the place of the Crown Prince's semi-banishment. The portion of Prussia in which this famous old town is situated is in a very special sense the home of Junkerdom.

It was during this stay at Dantzic that the future Kaiser became very intimate with the man who is perhaps the chief member of what we should here call the high old Tory party in the Reichstag. Herr von Heydebrand has always done everything in his power to increase the prestige of Prussia as a great military organisation. Only this last spring, in fact just before the war, he seriously advocated that no emigration from the village to the town should be permitted till a young man had gone through the Army.

Not for nothing did the Crown Prince obtain leave from Dantzic for the day on which the great debate was to take place, and we owe to a neutral who was present an account of the extraordinary scene in the Reichstag. Even now it is a debatable point as to whether the Emperor was aware of what his heir intended

to do—some say yes, some say no. Be that as it may, the Crown Prince, sitting in the middle of the Royal box, soon drew universal attention to himself, in fact so great was the sensation caused by his demeanour, and even by his actions, that attention was distracted from Herr von Heydebrand, who had been “put up” to lead the attack against Bethmann-Hollweg. As the sentences, each violent and incisive in tone, fell from the speaker’s lips, they were punctuated by a muttered word, a wave of the hand, a stamp of the foot, on the part of the young Royal officer.

This demonstration culminated when Herr von Heydebrand in ringing tones exclaimed, “When the moment comes all Germany must be ready to draw the sword!” The Crown Prince then actually clapped his hands, and indeed led the applause when the same speaker challenged England to give a clear German answer to a straight question.

This was not all. Instead of returning to Dantzic the next day as would have been his natural course, the Prince stayed on in Berlin, and it became known to the public that he intended to be present at the Circus, where there were then taking place some fine performances of *Orestes*.

When the Prince’s tall, slender figure, dressed

in the striking uniform of the Death's Head Hussars, appeared, he received such an ovation as it was said at the time had never been accorded to any member of the Imperial House since 1870. Every human being—and there were some ten thousand of them there—rose and cheered the Crown Prince for something like five minutes.

At last an effort was made to stop the demonstration in order that the performance might begin, but the enthusiasm of the people could not be stayed. They had all learnt how their future Kaiser had comported himself during what had been a set attack on England the day before, and one and all were determined to show him how fully they sympathised with him. At the time it was said that this great demonstration in favour of the Crown Prince was really a demonstration against the Kaiser.

The pan-German newspapers did not conceal their delight at the whole affair, and proclaimed the Crown Prince as a real interpreter and mirror of public opinion; while the *Kreuz Zeitung*, the chief Conservative and military organ, maintained that the Crown Prince was justified in showing that, like so many other patriotic people, he would have preferred a different solution of the Moroccan conflict. On the other hand, the more Liberal section of the Press

## 122 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

declared that even the most outspoken critics of the Imperial Chancellor would have nothing to do with "mess-room conspiracies."

When one paper actually announced that "The Crown Prince is planning with his brothers joint action against the Imperial Chancellor," it was thought worth while to issue an official contradiction; and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and his wife were invited to dine with the Emperor and Empress in the company of the Crown Prince.

Naturally the Socialists made the most of the incident, and there were people who maintained that the demonstration was really undertaken by the young man with the sanction of his father, who could not personally express his disappointment that war with France had been averted.

However that may be, it was obviously felt at the time by the Kaiser's advisers that something ought to be done to remove the unpleasant impression which the incident had caused in England. It was therefore arranged that the distinguished English correspondent of a great newspaper should have an "interview" with the Crown Prince, and as a result the following soothing syrup—for such it must truly be called—was published in this country:—

"The Crown Prince is an admirer of England



and the English. He remembers with gratitude the warm welcome accorded to him on several occasions on British soil, notably in London and during his recent visit to India. He left that country full of appreciation of British genius for government and administration.

“Nothing was farther from his mind than an intention to display any kind of unfriendly feeling towards England. His conspicuous demonstrations of disapproval made during the Reichstag debate were aimed exclusively at certain features of German foreign policy which he condemned. It was a complete misrepresentation, he now claims, to attribute to him signs of sympathy on his part with any anti-English passages in any of the speeches on that occasion.

“So keen is his desire to remove every degree of misunderstanding that he has sent verbal and written messages to some of his friends in England to explain the position to them. I can testify that these communications are full of a spirit of sincere friendship for England and the English.”

When the late King Humbert visited Berlin, a little boy of ten at the foot of the great staircase of the Imperial castle gravely presented his younger brothers to the Royal guest. King

Humbert was much impressed, and said to the Kaiser, "Why, he's a man already."

This anecdote is recalled by certain Italian comments on the Crown Prince's escapade in the Reichstag. One notable Italian paper which had strong German sympathies pointed out that the Anglo-French public and Press rejoiced too soon over the Moroccan agreement, and went on to say :—

"This jubilation wounded deeply Teutonic vanity, and as a natural consequence Berlin felt the necessity of a demonstration that wise moderation is not always a sign of cowardly compliance. The Nationalist party did not need much encouragement—it was enough that they were allowed to speak. But, on the other hand, it was imperative that the Imperial House should not remain aloof from the patriotic clamour, and since the Emperor could not protest against himself, the Heir to the Crown was the person best fitted to unite the dynasty with the nation in this salutary reminder to those beyond the Germanic frontiers.

"An imminent risk of a European war? A tremendous hostage to the future? No. The Crown Prince is not the Kaiser of to-day, nor in all probability of to-morrow, since Wilhelm II. is in the prime of life. To youth much is per-

mitted, and, considering the reason that actuated the 'august impulse,' it may be safely assumed that the Crown Prince did not have insuperable difficulties in obtaining pardon, even from the Kaiser. And all the more if one reflects that, if the banquet given by Wilhelm II. to von Bethmann-Hollweg with such apparent solicitude served to show that the Kaiser keeps faith with his peace-loving Chancellor, the impulsive act of the Crown Prince served admirably to silence, as if by magic, a jubilation beyond the frontiers not devoid of danger, and heightened the prestige of Germany with ally and enemy alike."

In 1913 there was a great celebration at Breslau of the centenary of the War of Liberation, and the Crown Prince held an important position in connection with the festivities. Among these there was to be performed a play by Hauptmann which, by general consent, gave a weak and unworthy picture of Prussia's part in the tremendous struggle.

The Prince was so disgusted that he asked to be relieved of his post if the play was not withdrawn; and thereupon the German Press, which had been denouncing Hauptmann for his play, turned right round and denounced the Prince

## 126 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

for attempting to "censor" an exalted work of art!

The marriage of the Crown Prince's only sister to the son of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, which took place in 1913, was of considerable political importance. The Duke, regarding himself as rightful King of Hanover, had never taken up the Duchy of Brunswick, and had always carefully held aloof from the Kaiser and his Court.

The engagement of the young couple seemed to promise a comfortable settlement of this dynastic feud. But amid the chorus of congratulations and rejoicings the only jarring note was struck by the Crown Prince.

To the extreme indignation of his parents and to the pained surprise of his sister, he wrote a violent letter to the Imperial Chancellor declaring it to be his opinion that his future brother-in-law ought not to be made Duke of Brunswick unless he first formally renounced on behalf of himself and his children all claim to the throne of Hanover.

This sudden intervention in a matter which did not directly concern him caused a very serious quarrel between the Imperial father and son. The Kaiser is passionately attached to

his only daughter, and her marriage to Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland was the result of a real love romance. The Kaiser was cut to the heart by his eldest son's action. The Duchy of Brunswick was a wedding gift from the Kaiser to his daughter's husband, and the Crown Prince's interference robbed the gift of its grace and charm.

The Crown Prince, together with his young wife, ostentatiously absented himself from the celebrations of the centenary of the battle of Leipzig. The day was October 19th, 1913, and the ceremony was attended not only by the Kaiser, but by the German crowned heads and by the great Army chiefs.

Instead of being there, as it was certainly his duty and business to be, the Crown Prince went with his wife for a motor tour in Bavaria. They were, however, intending to come back for the Empress's birthday, which falls on October 22nd; but on the 20th the Kaiser sent one of his own intimate friends, General von Gontard, to intercept the truants. For three hours father and son were closeted together, and there were unmistakable signs that the interview had been a stormy one.

As if to obliterate all memory of the painful incident, the Kaiser invited to his daughter's

## 128 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

wedding King George and Queen Mary, the Tsar, and innumerable minor Royal personages. But the first time the Crown Prince was seen taking part in a public sense in the wedding festivities was at the reception of the Tsar. On this occasion the Prince wore the uniform of his regiment of the Russian Dragoons. It was said to have been at his suggestion that the train in which King George and Queen Mary arrived in Berlin was escorted by an airship. This time the Crown Prince wore the uniform of his English regiment, the 11th Hussars; and it was noticed that he gave a very special salute to the Zeppelin—which was the passenger ship *Hansa*—when she was seen hovering overhead.

Everything was done during the marriage ceremonies to make it appear that the Crown Prince was now reconciled and on the very best of terms with his brother-in-law, and the Crown Princess was constantly by the side of the Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have most bitterly resented what he regarded as the insult put on his son. In the actual wedding procession the Crown Princess walked with King George, and it was noticed by the gossips that the Crown Prince, instead of escorting one of the numerous foreign princesses who were present, walked by the side of his venerable

great-aunt, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden.

When the bridal pair were starting for their honeymoon which, like that of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, was to be spent at Hubertusstock, four of the Princess's brothers accompanied her to the station, but it was noticed that among the four was not the Crown Prince.

What became known as the Zabern affair aroused a good deal of attention not only in Germany, but all over Europe. In itself it was not important, but it is interesting to us because of the Crown Prince's open approval of the conduct of certain Prussian officers.

At Zabern, in Alsace, a certain Lieutenant von Forstner was reported to have promised a reward to a recruit if he stabbed a "Wacke"—an opprobrious term for a native of Alsace. Disturbances broke out, and in one of them Von Forstner drew his sword and cut a lame cobbler over the head. The military authorities, headed by one Colonel von Reuter, who afterwards distinguished himself in the Great War and was promoted to major-general in April, 1915, took command; the civil power was superseded; and what was practically a military dictatorship was established.

This action was approved by General von Falkenhayn, then Prussian Minister of War, who was afterwards destined to distinguish himself on the Eastern front. Von Falkenhayn declared in the Reichstag that "if the military authorities had given way, there might have been momentary peace in Zabern, but it would have been a treacherous peace. The recent scandals cried to Heaven, and unless the authorities could suppress the agitation with vigour, they must be prepared to see life for a German at Zabern become less safe than life in the Congo."

Still, the lame cobbler's head had undoubtedly been cut, and the Reichstag, showing an unwonted independence, censured the Imperial Chancellor by a large majority. Moreover, the Military Court of the 30th Division at Strasburg awarded the fire-eating Von Forstner forty-three days' imprisonment, but this was reversed by the Superior Court of the Strasburg Army Corps. The Military Court of the 30th Division also acquitted Colonel von Reuter and his crony, Lieut. Schad, who had between them established the rule of the sword in Zabern. Von Reuter had pleaded a Cabinet order of Frederick William III. dated 1820, which had been reissued by the Minister of War fifteen years before the Zabern incident. It was during these proceed-



ings that the Crown Prince by telegram signified his approval of the tyrannous and illegal behaviour of his father's janissaries.

It was felt, however, that the townspeople had scored a victory. For the greatest publicity was obtained for the whole affair, the offending regiment was removed to another garrison, and there were indications that the Kaiser himself thought that his officers had gone too far. Not so the Crown Prince. He ostentatiously backed up the Colonel of the regiment in a telegram of sympathy.

It was no doubt on account of this piece of rebellion that in December, 1913, the Emperor suddenly relieved the Crown Prince of the command of the Death's Head Hussars at Dantzic and transferred him to the General Staff in Berlin. This step is said to have been due to advice given to the Emperor by General von Mackensen, who was in command at Dantzic, and whose exploits in the war on the Russian front will be fresh in everyone's recollection.

It had an amusing sequel. The Crown Prince bade farewell to his regiment in a most extraordinary order, which ran as follows :—

“Hussars of my Regiment,—For more than two years I have worn the same coat as yours and loyally followed the same colours as you.

## 132 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

His Majesty the Emperor and King has appointed me a new field of military work, and so I have to obey.

"It will be horribly difficult for me—and my heart is ready to break—no longer to ride through life at your head. I am sure that you will all feel that at this hour. I have passed the two happiest years of my life in your ranks. It is my youth that I am now burying. They may separate me from you, but my heart and my spirit remain among you. If ever the King calls and the trumpet call 'March! March!' sounds, think of him whose most passionate wish it always was to be allowed to share with you that moment of the highest happiness of a soldier.

"The strong and intimate tie which, my children of the regiment, links you indissolubly with me will not, however, be broken until for me the hour has struck for the march to join the great army above."

The Socialist paper *Vorwärts* published a ludicrous parody of this document, for which the editor received three months' imprisonment. Another paper published a still more biting satire, in which a sentimental school-girl (Backfisch) described her feelings on leaving her boarding-school to return home in language

which followed closely the terms of the Crown Prince's farewell.

This fearful offence, described by an equally fearful name, "Kronprinzenbeleidigung," secured for the publisher of the newspaper six months' detention in a fortress. Counsel for the defence was obliged to urge that the impulsive utterances of the Crown Prince, together with the interpretation placed upon them, had caused some anxiety even to persons of patriotic and monarchical opinions. It was significant that, though the Public Prosecutor demanded sentence of imprisonment, the Court decided that the motives of the defendant were honourable and therefore inflicted a milder sentence.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR

MANY books have been and are being written on the subject of Germany's preparation for the Great War. Of the Crown Prince's share in that preparation a good deal has already been said in this book, and it only remains to show what he did in the months before the actual outbreak. To do this, we must go back a little in point of time.

"Germany in Arms!" Such was the title of a book, planned and edited by the Crown Prince, which was published on May 1st, 1913, a date evidently carefully chosen with a view to the spectacular. May Day, as all the world, on the Continent at any rate, knows, is the Socialists' high-day and holiday.

"Germany in Arms"—a title which should surely, as our French neighbours say, have given "furiously to think" those kindly, unsuspecting folk whom we now term pacifists.

## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 135

What is this book with a title which even then was ominous and which has now become so significant? In general scheme and appearance it recalled what is known in the British book trade as a "juvenile"—that is to say it was one of the familiar class of book from which the patriotic parent, kindly uncle, or good-natured godfather selects a Christmas present for a growing boy. It simply consisted of twenty-one full-page coloured pictures depicting scenes from German military and naval life. The explanatory text was brief, even bald, though written, be it noted, in each case by distinguished young officers belonging to the Crown Prince's circle of personal friends.

It is important to explain why this book really came to be put together—written it could scarcely be called. It was intended to be an answer to a publication which was known to have greatly horrified and angered the Kaiser and his heir. This terrible work was called "The Slaughter-House: Scenes from the Coming War," and it now appears uncannily prophetic, because the writer describes with horrible exactness the vast, incalculable, and continuous mass of bodily agony entailed by the use of modern weapons. Such a book was about the last thing which either the Emperor or his heir wished to be

## 136 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

circulated broadcast among the German people.

What gave "Germany in Arms" special significance was the preface or introduction written by the Crown Prince himself. Now that we know what had been planned for the year after the publication of this apparently simple and innocent-looking picture book, the following passage, written by the young Prince who knew himself to be the future German War Lord, is full of a terrible significance :—

### "TRUST IN WEAPONS.

"More than other countries, our Fatherland is compelled to trust to its good weapons. Badly protected by its unfavourable geographical frontiers, situated in the centre of Europe, not regarded by all nations with love, the German Empire has, more than any other peoples of our old earth, the sacred duty to maintain the Army and the Fleet always in the highest degree of readiness to strike. Only thus supported on our good sword can we obtain the place in the sun which is our due, but is not voluntarily conceded to us."

With contempt the Prince goes on to condemn those who indulge in dreams of the possibility of a perpetual world-peace; and he

## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 137

speaks with withering scorn of the fool who "permits himself to be lulled into slothful slumber by the peace lullaby of the Utopians."

In an outburst which certainly did the writer credit, the future Kaiser in this same Introduction exhorts his country-men and country-women to throw aside their growing love of luxury, and the low type of snobbishness which makes a man eager to make friends among the very wealthy :—

"The most able achievement, as such, is to-day unfortunately valued less than the fortune that a man has inherited or scraped together. No one asks how his money has been acquired; conduct which formerly was not regarded as fair"—and here it is most interesting to note that the Crown Prince used the English word for which there is no exact German equivalent—"is tacitly allowed; all the old ideals are sacrificed. Even German prestige and honour are on the wane, suffering for peace. Peace at any price"—note again the English expression—"is required for the undisturbed acquirement of wealth."

Yes, "Germany in Arms" should indeed have been a warning to the pacifists of the world. Note the following pregnant call to arms :—

"Material comforts and luxuries," the Crown

## 138 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Prince cries, "should be superfluous, something which we are ready to fling into the corner with a gay laugh the moment the Emperor summons us, for we must have our hand free to grasp the sword."

Greatly daring, the Imperial writer illustrates his theme by alluding to the then recent Balkan war :—

"We have here interesting examples of a people weaker in numbers overcoming by their marvellous capacity for war an opponent (the Turk) once highly esteemed by experts, but who has rested too long on his laurels."

Finally, he looks forward, with what we now know to have been an extraordinarily prophetic eye, to Armageddon :—

"True, diplomacy can postpone for a time the conflict. Even more true it is that those in authority must and will be fully conscious in the hour of decision of their enormous responsibility. They will have to realise that the gigantic conflagration, once ignited, will not be so easily and speedily extinguished. But just as lightning equalises the tension in two differently-charged strata of the air, so will the sword always be, and remain till the end of the world, the finally decisive factor."

This really eloquent and in its way fine



apologia for war and for the perpetuation of war among civilised peoples was received even in Germany with rather mixed feelings.

The leading Berlin paper, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, criticised the work in a long article, which concluded with the words:—

“The Crown Prince describes the sword as the only decision in the life of nations and the struggle for life or death as the best thing in the world. This soldierly enthusiasm—especially in a time heavy with portents of storm—is much open to criticism. The Emperor could not speak such words without being covered by his Chancellor. Should the Crown Prince speak them? Does the Chancellor cover him too?”

A journalist of some weight and distinction dismissed the book contemptuously as “the battle-cry of a hare-brained young lieutenant.” But the Junkers were delighted, and their chief paper enthusiastically declared, “Very gladly do we welcome this splendid battle-cry by the Crown Prince. Not otherwise could he have spoken when it is remembered whose blood he has in his veins.”

It has been said since the outbreak of war that the motto of the German people may be found in a famous speech delivered by Bismarck in

## 140 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

1862, in which he declared that the great questions of the world were settled, not by speech and by humane intentions, but "by blood and iron."

In modern Germany the principal exponent of this policy was undoubtedly the Crown Prince. For at least ten years he has stood for all the more eager, headstrong, powerful elements in that vast German Army which was not, as so many people here believe, apart from the nation, but which is an integral part of the nation. People in England and even in France talked of what they called "the Prussian military caste." It was no caste, taking the word in its true sense. It was at once more and less than any caste can ever be. It was the ideal to which every German man and, what counted quite as much, every German woman, ever turned longing and admiring eyes. A German family would make any sacrifice, any effort, to enable their son to become an officer.

Now the Crown Prince was the beau ideal of what a German officer should be. Small wonder that as time went on he became more and more the idol of his father's people; small wonder that, not only in their hearts, but quite openly, in spite of the severe penalties attaching to *lèse majesté* in Germany, they compared him

## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 141

much to his advantage with his more versatile father.

The German people, as we know, are very proud of their Navy, but the Crown Prince's very indifference to sea power was accounted to him for righteousness. It was his business to care for the Army and for the Army alone.

It was probably owing to the Crown Prince's essential ignorance and lack of knowledge of sea power as opposed to land power that he "forgot England," as, on a certain celebrated occasion, a distinguished British statesman "forgot Goschen." He naturally thought he knew all about the British Army—was he not Colonel-in-Chief of the 11th Hussars?—had he not been hailed by his fellow officers as the best of good fellows?—did he not keep in fairly close touch with them? To him the British Army was a brilliant little amateur force, with doubtless a splendid record in the past, but having now become, when not acting the part of a Royal toy, a mere policing force for the great scattered, peaceful, overseas Empire. True, Britain might hold the seas, but from the point of view of the Crown Prince the most interesting effect of her position in that respect had been the ease with which her maritime supremacy had enabled her

## 142 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

to transport her troops to South Africa, where it had taken her more than two years to subdue a handful of farmers.

Everyone can now see how significant it was that an extensive tour which had been arranged for the Crown Prince and Crown Princess in the German and British African colonies was suddenly cancelled in March, 1914. It had been all settled that they were to go to South Africa first, and were to arrive in East Africa about the middle of August, in time for the opening of the last section of the Tanganyika Railway. The details had been planned by the Crown Prince and the Colonial Secretary, Herr Solf; the tour was to cost £9,000, and was to last six months.

The Reichstag was to be asked for the money on the ground that it was in the public interest that the heir to the throne should become personally acquainted with the colonies. At the same time, the Crown Prince said that if the Reichstag made any difficulties he would find the money out of his own pocket. The Reichstag did make difficulties, largely because it was anxious to secure that the tour should be devoted to serious study rather than sport.

Apparently the Emperor himself cancelled the tour, and an official *communiqué* was issued to the effect that it had been found impossible "to

make in the time available such preparations for the trip as appeared desirable in view of its significance for colonial policy and its informatory purpose." This explanation deceived nobody in Germany, though of course it was accepted at its face value by unsuspecting Britain.

We now know that the Great War which was planned by Germany for 1914 was only hastened, and not caused, by the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo. On June 10th, an important London newspaper published the following curious message from its Brussels correspondent :—

"It has transpired that the Crown Prince of Germany completed last Sunday near the Belgian frontier, a military staff excursion in Alsace-Lorraine.

"From Metz he travelled in an autocar to St. Vith and Montjoie, along the very road a German army invading Belgium to strike at France's most unprotected frontier would use as a base.

"In Belgian military circles the fact is considered somewhat disquieting."

This action of the Crown Prince aroused a good deal of private comment in French military circles, but the French papers, which even then were published under a very strict Government

censorship, were not allowed to allude to the incident. Had they done so there can be little doubt that the quick wits of the French people would have been set to work, and it may even be suggested that the more ardent patriots among them might have insisted at the eleventh hour on certain military reforms, especially concerning equipment and ammunition, being taken in hand at once.

Not long after that sinister excursion, the Crown Prince caused no slight commotion by sending enthusiastic telegrams to two writers of warlike pamphlets.

One was Herr Frobenius, whose lucubrations were entitled "Germany's Hour of Destiny." In it he placed the hour of destiny in 1915 or 1916, said that the armaments of France and of Russia were overwhelming and must mean war, called on Germany to keep her powder dry, and regarded England with great suspicion, declaring that she would not miss a favourable opportunity of attacking Germany. This pamphlet the Prince pronounced "excellent"; he said he had read it with the greatest interest and wished it the widest circulation in Germany.

The other telegram was to a fire-eating professor, Herr Buchholz, of Posen, who had printed a very violent speech which he had delivered at

## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 145

the Bismarck celebrations in the previous April. This speech was a tirade against the weak Governments which had directed Germany since Bismarck's day and had suffered democracy to make "frightful progress," and it also contained much abuse of the Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg.

The Crown Prince also told this author that he had read his speech and found it "excellent."

It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event, but how significant it now seems to look back and to note the eagerness with which the Crown Prince developed every side of what may be called the German Eager-for-War party!

Six years ago, when cinematography was still in its infancy, the Crown Prince realised the great possibilities which lay there not only for increasing his own popularity with his future people, but for acting on their hearts and imaginations. He himself personally arranged that hundreds of films should be prepared showing him in the performance of his military duties. More, these films showed him engaged in real practical hard work of the kind which, in the popular belief, Royal personages generally manage to avoid.

One series of these moving pictures showed enthusiastic German audiences their future

## 146 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Kaiser commanding a battery of the First Regiment of the Guards Field Artillery. The first film exhibited the Prince leading the battery at a gallop across the Tempelhofer Feld military exercise ground. Every soldier in the audience—past, present, and future—thrilled when he saw the gallant Prince bring his battery to a halt, and the guns unlimbered and fired. What more proof could be required of the reality of the Royal soldiering than the sight of the Prince actually placing a shell in the breech with his own hands?

Another set of pictures, which was even more popular, showed the Prince performing the duties of a non-commissioned officer. In one of these pictures he is showing an awkward recruit how to handle his rifle, patiently and kindly explaining those details which the average German recruit is kicked, rather than smiled, into learning.

A further scene, which was rightly supposed to appeal to the type of German who becomes a regimental officer, was called "After Service." In it the Crown Prince is seen fraternising with his brother officers at the end of a hard morning's work. Affably he laughs and talks with them all; then he takes out a cigarette from a generously-filled case, and after first lighting it himself—this is rather a characteristic touch—



## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 147

hands round the case to the officers standing about him.

Thus the Crown Prince strove, and with no small success, to make himself popular with the masses who go to picture palaces.

As for those intellectual classes who have played so great, and many of us think so fatal, a part in the making of modern Germany, his popularity with them is significantly shown by the utterances of the well-known writer, Paul Liman. The following words were written only a very short time before the outbreak of war :—

“The picture of reality appears to stand out in bolder, firmer, and more natural outlines to the eyes of the son than it does in many a speech of the Imperial father.”

In the same book, which is in reality a sustained eulogy of the son and a bitter criticism of the father, there is another terribly significant passage :—

“The German who loves his Fatherland, who believes in its greatness and its glorious future, the German who is determined that his country shall never be humiliated in the eyes of others, must not allow himself to be lulled by peace songs or by the dreams of Utopia.

## 148 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

"It is a convenience for the intellect to set up patterns and to think in patterns, and intellectual convenience never surrenders a prejudice. It has made for itself a picture [of the Crown Prince] as a malcontent, a *frondeur* who watches with clenched fists the policy of the Government and waits hot-eyed for the hour when he shall grasp the sceptre and drive out of the Temple those whom he regards as publicans and money-changers. An Anti-Semitic, Pan-German, reactionary *frondeur*, who hallos on the dogs of war and dreams of nothing but reeking battle-fields, a mediocre intellect open to any influence from his crafty associates; one who yields willingly to every pretension of the Junkerdom, who learns nothing from history because he knows nothing of it, who fills his leisure hours with vapid distractions—such is the pattern which in this case the democracy has delighted to draw for itself. And this drawing is a big lie in every single stroke."

There is, indeed, abundant evidence that the Crown Prince was most careful to cultivate the good opinion of the reading and thinking section of the German public.

Many distinguished Germans since the outbreak of war have declared most solemnly that the now famous General Bernhardi had very little

weight in his native country, where, it has been pointed out, only eight thousand copies of his famous book have been sold, though eight thousand is not at all a bad circulation for a serious military work.

But, whatever may have been the exact extent of his influence over others of his countrymen, Bernhardi certainly was the idol of the Crown Prince. The Prince was never tired of praising to his friends and fellow-officers Bernhardi's book, "The Part of Cavalry in Future War." In an intimate sense he sat at the old soldier's feet, and delighted in listening to his stories of the war of 1870. Bernhardi was naturally proud of the fact that he was the first German officer to ride through the Arc de Triomphe on that day of France's humiliation—a humiliation which both he and his Imperial pupil confidently believed was to be re-enacted on the Sedan day of 1914.

But if the influence of Bernhardi be disputed, there can be no question about that of Treitschke.

From the time he came to man's estate, and especially from the time when the Army became his one absorbing interest in life, the author most studied and most praised by the Crown Prince was Von Treitschke. That name has become

familiar to the British people during the last few months, but it may be of interest here to give a brief account of the man who might well claim, more than any writer of the present day (were he still alive he would only be eighty-one) to have moulded the Germany now at war.

Treitschke, born at Dresden in 1834, was the first great German historian who hated, despised, and feared England. His predecessors had given up their lives to inculcating hatred for France and for Frenchmen; the result achieved by them was seen in 1870. The formidable efforts of Treitschke were directed against our country, and they bore abundant fruit in "The Hymn of Hate" and other passionate outbursts against Britain.

Treitschke was also an extraordinarily successful and brilliant lecturer, and for the last twenty years of his life, roughly speaking from 1875 to 1895, he held a very important professorial chair in Berlin.

Not only did he condemn the British people as slothful, money-loving, selfish, and decadent, but from his point of view—and it was one which he was never tired of presenting to his readers and his hearers—England was the only enemy Germany had to fear as rival in trade and on

## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 151

the sea. At one time he never mentioned the inhabitants against whom he had so ferocious a feeling of contempt and hatred without naming them as "the unwarlike islanders," and when he used that phrase his great audiences, which included every class and every type of German, would raise approving shouts of delight at the phrase.

To anyone who has studied even superficially the history of the British Army, or who has traced the exploits of some only of our glorious line regiments from the days of Marlborough onwards, it seems absolutely amazing that a professional historian, with those records staring him in the face, should have described the nation which produced that Army as "unwarlike." Yet so it was, and it is only one more instance of the extraordinary capacity for self-deception which characterises the German mind.

Treitschke died in 1896, when the Crown Prince was only fourteen, but the Prince's immediate superiors and teachers in the Army were all men who had been nurtured and soaked in the so-called culture of the famous patriot historian.

The Crown Prince is in one matter quite unlike his father. Strange as it may seem in one who

has always posed, both to himself and to those about him, as an ideal Prussian officer, he has always been ready to coquette with the advanced Socialist party.

One of the most serious quarrels which took place between the Kaiser and his heir concerned the Crown Prince's encouragement of, and interest in, the great Socialist writer, Hauptmann. He had written *The Weavers*, a remarkable and in its way a terrible drama, which so angered the Emperor that though he did not actually forbid its performance, he refused either to go to the theatre or to allow any of the Court to go there, and that even when the play was not being performed, to mark his displeasure. The Crown Prince, however, ostentatiously visited the theatre in question.

The Kaiser and his heir also differed about Heine, whom the Crown Prince admired largely because of the poet's hero-worship of Napoleon. The Kaiser could not bear Heine, whom he regarded as a renegade on account of his French sympathies.

Even in his most intimate home life the Crown Prince showed his intensely military turn of mind and thought. Thus, his study in the Marble Palace is a kind of Napoleonic shrine, full of statuettes, busts, medals, engravings, and

## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 153

other memorials of the great Corsican who turned the Prussia of his day into four French provinces. But it was Napoleon the soldier, the conqueror, not Napoleon the masterly administrator and law-giver, that the Crown Prince revered.

During those eventful July days, laden with such awful anxiety for every responsible statesman in Europe, we heard nothing of the Crown Prince and of his activities. With a wisdom which one cannot help suspecting was inspired by the shrewder of his friends, he remained completely silent during the momentous week which immediately preceded the outbreak of war. Strange stories were current even then in Berlin—stories of how a pistol had been held at the Emperor's head, the pistol being in effect a threat that if he was not ready to let loose the dogs of war he would be forced to abdicate in favour of his son.

Whether such a menace was ever really put into words may be very gravely doubted, but it is clear that the Kaiser had lost touch with what America would call the "live" part of his nation. One and all, not the military caste alone, but the great naval, business, and intellectual leaders of Germany, were convinced that the time had come

## 154 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

to smash France, and inflict so heavy a blow on Russia that her military ambitions must lie quiescent for at least a generation.

We only hear of the Crown Prince, and even then we do not hear much, on that day when Germany officially mobilised for war—that is to say, when she completed the mobilisation which had been long going on. It does not require much imagination to realise the intoxication of joy and triumph which must have filled the Crown Prince when the fateful edict went forth.

Busy though he was, he found time to be present at the historic meeting in the Royal Castle which took place on August 4th, 1914, where the Kaiser and his heir—both wearing the simple grey field uniform, though all the Court officials were in full Court dress—received the principal statesmen and the great military leaders of the country.

It was a very impressive scene, and one which, according to an onlooker, at once restored the Kaiser to his old position in the hearts of the German people. It was his hour, and it was to him that all those present pledged themselves solemnly to stand by him and by his throne in *Not und Tod* (distress and death).

At the historic meeting of the Reichstag,



## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 155

which took place just after, the Crown Prince was not present. He was far too busily engaged in the exultantly successful work of surveying—there was no need for any active service on his part—the marvellous mobilisation which had been carried out with a smoothness and precision never seen in the civilised world before.

From the Crown Prince's point of view, the most important side of the mobilisation concerned the cavalry and its horses. From all the great horse-breeding provinces the noble, patient animals, many of which were to die within a few weeks such ghastly and painful deaths, came in to Potsdam, and thousands were inspected by the Crown Prince himself, seconded during every moment by the Crown Princess, who is quite as good a judge of a horse as her husband. But, as was written in one of the German official *communiqués*, no one thought of death and destruction, only of victory and a happy reunion.

One wonders if the Crown Prince and his clever and still happy young wife ever gave a thought to the mobilisation which was going on in France—a mobilisation carried through in grim silence, and with a high-hearted determination to conquer or to die, yet with no thought

## 156 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

of happy reunion, with none of that certainty of success which seems to have then possessed every German mind.

There happened to be in Berlin at that moment a distinguished South African, Dr. Poutsma, whose Dutch origin and name protected him from the insults and ill-treatment which the chivalrous Germans reserved for the defenceless English in their midst. Dr. Poutsma was, however, a loyal British subject, and, fortunately for the future historian, he wrote two or three most curious and interesting articles, describing his experiences in Berlin, for a London paper.

In the following simple yet striking words he pictured the historic scene which followed the declaration of war—the entrance of the Emperor and the Empress, together with their whole family of sons, son-in-law, and grandchildren, into the capital.

“It was a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. The picture of the Emperor is a vivid memory. He did not bow once in acknowledgment of the shouts of the crowd. The Crown Prince nodded, and his wife nodded and smiled continually, but the Emperor sat with one hand at his golden helmet, stern and inscrutable, a figure of destiny.

## THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR 157

There was not during the whole time the faintest flicker of a smile."

What a strange, tragic irony in the picture of this young ill-fated, smiling couple! We see them plunged all unknowingly into the most awful adventure which can be undertaken by even the wealthiest and most united country, and we cannot doubt that they both felt absolutely secure of quick, easy victory. The Crown Prince was as familiar with every bolt, screw, and nut of the huge German army machine as if he had been in very truth its inventor and designer. The Crown Princess, during her few radiantly happy and prosperous years of married life, had been surrounded by the men who were in very truth the driving force of this same great machine.

It is clear that these people, who, remember, belonged to every class and were of every age, from the very young like the Crown Prince himself to stalwarts at the head of whom stood perhaps Von Kluck, must have believed themselves, to use a homely simile, in the same position as the young confident driver of a racing motor-car whose business it is to smash a perambulator which happens to have got into his way.

## 158 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

So smiling exultantly, so bowing with gracious animation to the good people of Berlin on this, the most fateful day in their several histories, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess opened what we now know was to be a very dark chapter in their lives.

## CHAPTER VIII

### ARMAGEDDON

THE course of the present war only comes into this book so far as it concerns the personality of the Crown Prince. Had he been possessed of the military genius which many of his contemporaries, and even some of his superiors, seem to have seriously attributed to him, his history and that of the war would have been very different.

In spite of his youth the Crown Prince, who had in the field the rank of lieutenant-general, was given the command of one of the six main armies which took part in the first invasion of France. It was the Fourth Army, which occupied a very important position early in August, and which, moving through the Belgian Ardennes, was intended ultimately to take the huge French fortress of Verdun. The Fourth Army was the centre of these vast hosts, and it was arranged that the Crown Prince should reach the gates of

## 160 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

Paris at practically the same moment as Von Kluck, and that together they would parley with the doomed city, and if necessary subdue it at their leisure.

It is not within the province of this book to deal in detail with the military operations which led to the defeat of this carefully-thought-out plan—a plan, be it remarked in passing, which had on its side every human probability of entire success.

We have no record of the feelings which animated the Crown Prince during that first marvellous series of victories—victories which neither he, nor his father, nor apparently any member of the General Staff regarded as soiled by the hideous excesses which were going on simultaneously in Belgium.

At the end of August it must have seemed to the future Kaiser as if the triumph of 1870 was to be repeated, but on a very much greater scale. We get a glimpse of what the Imperial family felt through a jubilant telegram sent to the Crown Princess by the Kaiser on the fall of the little French fortress of Longwy:—

“My most sincere thanks, my dear child. I rejoice with you in Wilhelm’s first victory, How magnificently God supported him ! Thanks and honour be to Him.”

About the same time the venerable Francis Joseph—godfather, be it remembered, to the Crown Prince—sent a message full of joy and congratulation to his ally, in which we find an allusion to “those young heroes, our beloved Crown Prince and other sons.”

Perhaps the most striking proof of how the Germans then regarded the position was shown in a speech made in the Far East by a distinguished diplomatist.

“Not in the history of centuries has there been so brilliant a campaign. Our armies stand before one of the enemy’s capitals! We are in possession of Belgium and of the finest Departments of France. And now I must pay a tribute to our Kaiser’s sons. The Crown Prince is leader of the Fourth Army; Prince Eitel Fritz is leader of the First Regiment of the Guards. We can be well satisfied with our Princes; they do their duty and take the same risks as do our soldiers. They do not remain in the background, they are at the front. Our Kaiser is our Army King, and his sons are the Dukes.”

It is curious now to recall that the Crown Prince began his experience of war with what was magnified, in Germany, at any rate, as a splendid success. He besieged the heroic little fortress of Longwy, which, though holding out

considerably longer than it had done in 1870, had eventually to surrender. So overjoyed were the German people at this success of their popular hero—for at the time the Crown Prince reigned alone in their affections, Von Hindenburg having not yet revealed himself as a great commander—that a million postcards were printed with a portrait of the Crown Prince in uniform, and underneath the words: "The Victor of Longwy."

Longwy did not surrender till August 27th, and the magnificent resistance of its garrison seriously retarded the advance of the German Army, based on Treves, which was commanded by the Crown Prince.

It is worth recording that even in those early days the Germans began accusing their enemies of one form of "frightfulness" which they themselves undoubtedly practised. Telegrams from Berlin stated that after the surrender of Longwy the Crown Prince had an interview with the French commander, who handed over his sword. Contrary to all military custom, the Crown Prince took the sword and broke it before the French officer, saying, "I must take your sword, for you fought us dishonourably. Your soldiers used dum-dum bullets." The French commander, in reply, said, "This is the first I



have ever heard of dum-dums being used in the French Army." Some bullets alleged to have been found at Longwy were shown to the Berlin correspondents of the Dutch Press, but were not recognised as bearing any resemblance whatever to real dum-dums.

What part did the Fourth Army, that commanded by the Crown Prince, play in the great movement which was to settle the Western campaign once for all, leaving Germany free to turn her attention to the Russian menace?

His critics assert that, whereas all the other great German commanders played their part as they were expected to do, he alone failed. They assert that he not only failed in what he had set out to do, but that he sustained so severe a defeat that it influenced the fate of the hitherto successful army led by Von Kluck.

As far as is known, but even now the particular operation is involved in considerable obscurity, the Crown Prince, after investing Verdun, found himself compelled to give up his investment and to hasten down the Meuse.

Even then, his position was still good. Had he out-generalled or out-fought the French in front of him, he might very soon have come into touch with Von Kluck. It has been said that

Von Kluck's own scheme was completely thrown out by a secret order he had received to wait for the Crown Prince before making a serious attack on the forts of Paris. As to that, there is as yet no definite proof.

What is certain is that the Crown Prince's Army was getting into worse and worse difficulties. There even came a moment when it looked as though it might be caught by the new great French offensive before it could retreat. It had become in fact practically isolated; and it has been publicly said in France that if the Allies had possessed at the time sufficient ammunition, the Crown Prince might have had the fate which befel Napoleon III. at Sedan, that of having his army entirely surrounded and captured.

As a matter of fact he retreated, and for many weeks those who studied the diagrams which showed the six great German armies thrusting forward into France were able to see how curiously short remained the black projection which represented the Fourth Army, that commanded by the Crown Prince. In spite of frantic efforts that army found it impossible to break through the Verdun-Toul barrier.

By far the best and clearest account of these still mysterious operations is to be found in

Mr. Granville Fortescue's valuable book, "At the Front with Three Armies."

Mr. Fortescue visited the country lying east of Châlons-sur-Marne just after the series of battles which took their name from that river. From all sides he heard rumours of the doings of the Crown Prince, and he drove out to the Château de Mondemont which had been occupied by the Crown Prince and by his staff at the time when the former commanded the invading armies in that section of France. Most vivid is the account he gives of this beautiful doomed country house, which was in three days taken and re-taken four times, and where the fighting was far more fierce than anything that raged round Hougoumont at Waterloo.

When Mr. Fortescue visited the château it was exactly in the state in which it had been left by the Royal marauder. In every room, amid the débris of fallen plaster and shattered woodwork, were dozens of empty champagne bottles, and the old caretaker who acted as his cicerone told him of the nights of revelry enjoyed by the Crown Prince and his staff. Before the great French attack a gorgeous banquet was held, the countryside being ravaged to furnish the Imperial table.

While the Allies were carrying through the

## 166 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

first phase of their splendid offensive movement at Meaux and Soissons, the Army of the Crown Prince was spread along the front from Fère-Champenoise to a point east of Epernay. The château of Mondemont is ten miles north of Sézanne, and the Crown Prince probably slept there on the night, so full of change and disaster for him, before the French offensive broke in its full fury upon his five Army Corps.

In his book Mr. Fortescue gives a brilliant word picture of the three days' fighting round the château, and he describes how at last the proud Crown Prince and his proud Army, fighting a rearguard action in the great swamps which are a peculiar feature of the country there, made good their escape. He winds up his account with words which will in time be proved to be historically true :

“In my opinion the first army to be thoroughly whipped on French soil was that of the Crown Prince. This saved Paris. At the time of the victory of Sézanne, the French did not know the extent of the damage they had inflicted on the enemy. In fact, they did not make claim to a decisive victory. In the official communication the most they claimed was a drawn battle. Actually they had smashed the flower of the German military power. The mystery which

has surrounded the movements of the German armies disappears when we know that the main body of the Crown Prince's army retired nearly forty kilometres during that night and the following day. Such a retreat almost amounts to a rout."

He goes on to point out what has been already stated, namely, that in the plan of the German operations the greatest glory had been reserved for the Crown Prince. Already throughout Germany he had been acclaimed as the hero of Longwy. His futile demonstration against Verdun had been magnified into a series of assaults. Even in the official bulletins issued by the General Staff the Crown Prince was declared to have inflicted a serious defeat on the French.

When Von Kluck was in Chantilly he was told to wait for the main body of the Crown Prince's army. The order of the march up the Champs Elysées had been actually drawn up, and the future Kaiser was to head the triumphant progress. It was rumoured in Paris that the Crown Prince only escaped capture by a few hours. As a matter of fact, neither he nor his Army showed anything like the same power of recovery which characterised the other German armies, for reasons which will now appear.

## 168 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

In the exceedingly difficult forest fighting in the Argonne the immediate object of the Germans was to obtain absolute control of the roadway connecting their positions round Vienne le Château on the western outskirts of the forest, with Varennes on the eastern fringe.

Now it is the abandonment of this road which is considered by many good judges to have been one of the worst mistakes committed by the Crown Prince. Even after the battle of the Marne there seems to have been no compelling necessity for him to have withdrawn as far as Varennes; he might have halted some ten miles to the south, in the neighbourhood of Clermont and the wood of Hesse, and thus have retained command of important lines of communication between Champagne and Verdun. It seems probable that a realisation of the Crown Prince's mistake was the primary cause, later on, of the obstinate struggle of the Germans for the wood of La Grurie and of other strategic points, such as the hamlet of Four de Paris and Fontaine Madame.

And then suddenly the name of the Crown Prince vanished from either official or unofficial *communiqués*. It was even said, and confidently believed by many people, that he had been killed.

An extraordinary story went the rounds in London, telling how a private letter had come through from Berlin, in the middle of which occurred the following sentence: "The town on the whole remains very quiet, but of course we all turned out on the day of the Crown Prince's funeral."

Where was the Crown Prince during those weeks in which there was no news of him?

The writer believes himself to be in a position to lift partly the mysterious veil which, if all one hears is true, puzzled not only the diplomatists but even the staffs of the Allies.

During a portion of that time, if not during the whole of it, the Crown Prince, after having suffered from a brief though serious nervous breakdown, remained in safety in the unhappy little Duchy of Luxemburg, which, though nominally a neutral country, and nominally unconquered and uninvaded, was the first alien territory to pass under absolute German control.

It was there, as we now know, that the Kaiser waited impatiently for the news which would send him at the head of his legions to make his triumphal entry into Paris; and it was there, according to good information, that the Crown Prince retired to digest, as the French so well call it, the disappointment and humiliation caused

## 170 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

him by what had then been the only real defeat suffered by the great German Armies during the first weeks of war—a defeat which, I repeat, is believed by certain military critics, not only in France and in England, but in Germany and in Russia, to have been the principal contributory cause of the battle of the Marne.

A telegram which the Crown Prince sent to his wife on September 3rd, 1914, was found in the diary of a Westphalian non-commissioned officer who had been in the telegraph service. It ran as follows :—

“Kronprinzessen, Berlin. We find the enemy is always entrenched in fresh positions. This causes us terrible losses, but we advance. Papa was last night at Marville, very sad. Wedel is killed. Stenay is very prettily situated, but much damaged. I am living in a pretty house belonging to an *old* lady. Grüsse, WILHELM.”

The Crown Princess had not been idle since her husband had gone to the war. In spite of the fact that she was then in delicate health, she was prominent in every kind of war work in Berlin.

It is she who invented the excellent phrase, “the mobilisation of the kitchen,” and she who



suggested those new ten commandments which were soon displayed in all public vehicles in Germany, including trams and railway carriages. These commandments include—to regard bread as sacred; to use treacle and jam instead of butter; to cook potatoes in their skins; to collect all kitchen waste as fodder; to use gas or coke instead of coal in cooking.

The centre of the Crown Princess's innumerable charitable activities was Cecilian House, a fine building erected at Charlottenburg by the Fatherland Women's Association. On the outbreak of war it was turned into a hospital, and she regularly every day made rounds of the wards, cheering up the wounded soldiers with her brightness and sympathy.

Among the first to see the part that women might play in conserving and increasing the agricultural resources of the country was the Crown Princess, who outlined her scheme in a published statement:—

“With the talk of attempts to starve us out, who can say what the hausfrau in the kitchen may not contribute to Germany's success by new, rigid, and systematic economy in food, by planting, raising, and preserving large quantities of vegetables and fruits?”

Accordingly, she herself started an organisa-

tion for raising and preserving garden produce by every available member of every family. Another excellent idea of hers was to form a society for finding suitable work for those women who had been brought to great distress owing to the war but were too proud to make their wants known. Of course the Crown Princess also took a prominent part in the more obvious methods of helping their country which were open to German women, such as making comforts of various kinds for the troops. Her example was particularly fruitful, for she held regular "sewing circles" at her palace.

And yet, if we may judge from some observations which she is said to have made to an American journalist about the war, the Crown Princess must have had many qualms about the appalling conflict which her adopted country had provoked. Thus she is reported to have said :—

"Europe is one vast hospital. Isn't it a pity—such a pity !

"I do not believe that any true German mother or wife was, or can be, in favour of war.

"Isn't love of Fatherland a great enough motive for fighting, dying if need be, for the Fatherland ? Why add hatred to it ? "

Not good German opinions, by any means,

but it must be remembered that this lively and intelligent princess, though she has German blood in her veins, "takes after" her Russian mother, who herself has become practically a Frenchwoman in her sympathies and outlook on life.

But while the Crown Princess was doing such good war work, her husband had thrown off all restraint and was known to be leading a scandalous life. It is said that great precautions were taken to keep from her any suspicion of his conduct, and that it was not until after her daughter was born early in April that the revelation was made by means of a photograph pasted inside the lid of a hat-box. This photograph showed the Crown Prince in company which left no doubt about the manner of life which he was leading.

What is certain is that about the middle of May those who were familiar with Berlin society were greatly surprised by a revelation made by the *Paris Débats*. This sober and responsible journal announced, on what it described as absolutely trustworthy authority, that the Crown Princess, having discovered her husband's conduct, had resolved to leave Germany and take refuge with her mother in Russia.

The story was difficult to believe. Even if the

Kaiser was willing to let her go—a very improbable supposition—it seemed extraordinary that she should be willing to leave her four boys and her baby daughter. But the mere fact that such a story appeared in a serious newspaper showed how notorious the Crown Prince's behaviour had become.

Of all the charges against him, the Crown Prince seems himself to have felt most deeply that of being nothing more than a common thief.

During the battles of the Marne and the Aisne he stayed at the château of Baye, near Champaubert. The Baroness de Baye, the owner of the château, has given the following account of his proceedings:—

“Breaking all the very numerous plate-glass windows which adorned the gallery of forty-five metres in length, the Crown Prince pillaged everything. He stole arms, unique jewellery, medals, precious vases, cups of chased gold. He stole also all the superb gifts with which the Tsar had honoured M. de Baye in remembrance of his mission in Russia. In the museum of 1812 he stole splendid icons, tapestries, miniatures, etc. He carried off souvenirs, the things most dear to the heart. He caused to be packed up the rarest furniture and pictures, chosen with

a power of selection which is astonishing in a vandal; but he had to abandon the last packing-cases in the hurry of the retreat.

"Our old servants who remained faithful to their duty wept. It was a little of their soul that was being taken away to Germany. God did not leave the Imperial *cambricoleur* time to massacre them in the chapel which he had not the time to burn."

It is interesting to recall how one of the Crown Prince's heroes, Napoleon, dealt with this most difficult question of loot. In 1796, while France was still in the throes of revolution, and he himself was simply a young successful general with none of the great domination over his troops which he was so soon to acquire, Napoleon wrote in his Proclamation to the Army in Italy the following noble words:—

"Victory I can and will promise you, but to it is attached one condition which I call on you all to fulfil. You must respect the vanquished. If you fail in this the French nation will disown you. What matters victory, what matters courage, if honour is lost? You cannot ask me to command an army lacking discipline, lacking restraint, or so ignoble as to know no law but force. I cannot allow our laurels to be smirched. Every man caught looting will be shot."

## 176 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

It seems to be definitely established that on the edge of the Forest of Argonne, notably at Villers-aux-Vents and Révigny, the Crown Prince and his staff before their retreat early in September were guilty of most unsoldierly acts of savage cruelty.

Villers-aux-Vents was scientifically destroyed by means of paraffin and inflammable pastilles manufactured by the Leipzig chemist, Ostwald. Even the village church was stuffed with straw to make it burn better. All this for no conceivable military advantage. But worse than this wanton destruction was the action of the Germans in taking civilians from the village as hostages, chiefly women. Nor did they spare even the village idiot. This wretched creature, who either could not or would not tell where the French troops were, was stripped and beaten and finally put up against a wall and shot.

Of the doings of the Crown Prince at the neighbouring village of Révigny there is an account by M. Gaston Deschamps, a French writer of distinction, who visited the scene in company with M. Lépine, the ex-Prefect of Police in Paris.

M. Deschamps relates that the Crown Prince and his staff, on arriving at Révigny, requisitioned a comfortable house, and after

threatening the owner they took off their boots and demanded champagne. They made various preparations for a long stay, but it happened that while they were having dinner a French airman arrived overhead and dropped a bomb which burst in the court in front of the dining-room windows. No one was hurt, but the warning was enough, and the gallant colonel of the Death's Head Hussars thought of nothing but his personal safety.

While gangs of half-drunken soldiers were pillaging and burning, the Crown Prince fled to a kind of cave in a wood near Villers-aux-Vents. This extraordinary lair is thus described by M. Deschamps:—

“It is the size of an ordinary bedroom, and access to it is obtained through a square hole. There is still a carved oak chair, taken, I was told, from the church, but which was smashed up when the Crown Prince had no further need of it. The sides of the cave are hung with chintz curtains taken from one of the houses of the village. Cupboard-doors and shutters had also been torn down and used as partitions and floorings. Several rows of barbed wire defended the approaches to the cave, the roof of which was made of zinc overlaid with thick hay and straw. There was also a trap-door through

## 178 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

which the Crown Prince and his staff could make their way to the trenches of the troops, thus enabling them at a moment's notice to escape into the open country. They did not fail to make use of it when General Joffre's victory on the Marne forced the German Army to retreat all along the line."

A young Irish lady, a Miss Sheridan, on her return from Menin, just behind the German lines at Ypres, told a most singular story of what happened on October 1st, 1914, when the Germans entered the beautiful little town.

She declared that the Crown Prince was crowned King of Belgium in the market-place of Menin. She did not actually see the ceremony, for she said that all the inhabitants had orders to stay indoors. But on the top of the church steeple a new flag was hoisted which was composed of strips of black, white, and yellow, and was evidently meant to be a combination of the German and Belgian flags. Those of the inhabitants who knew German also heard a song sung, a kind of "God save the King of Belgium." They made timorous inquiries as to why this was done, and were informed by German soldiers that the Crown Prince was now King of Belgium.



The Kaiser met the Crown Prince at Coblenz on Sedan Day. His Majesty, who was in the highest spirits, embraced his son, calling him an invincible hero. Afterwards he presented him to the civil population as "The Restorer of Peace in the World." It was on this visit that the Kaiser took to paying midnight visits to the troops, who at first thought he was a ghost in the well-known crossed-arms attitude of Napoleon.

Later on in October we find the Crown Prince on the Eastern front. A military conference over which he presided was held at Radom, and it came to the conclusion that the Russian concentration would not finish earlier than October 25th, and laid its plans accordingly. But the Russians never do what the enemy expects them to do. They concluded their concentration several days earlier, and thereby materially affected the enemy's retirement from the Vistula.

Moreover, the Crown Prince's conference supposed that the Russian troops, during the first period of this operation, would assume the defensive, and that a general offensive would become possible only towards the end of October. Here again the Germans miscalculated by several days, the Russians taking the offensive

## 180 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

before October 23rd. To make assurance doubly sure, the conference decided that the Austrians should display the greatest activity on their front in order to tie the Russians to the Galician theatre, but this measure also was in vain.

We do not hear much of the Crown Prince for some time now, except that he visited the forces on the Vistula when they were dispirited owing to their failure to take Warsaw. In order to encourage them he distributed in the Emperor's name a generous supply of crosses and medals to officers and men with great pomp and ceremony.

On December 21st the Crown Prince, having returned to the Western front, issued the following order from his Headquarters:—

“Numerous reports which have been made to me recently regarding the brilliant performances of the engineers of all the Army Corps gave me the opportunity that I desired to express my recognition of these splendid troops. The constant appeal for sappers which comes from all the sister arms best indicates their decisive importance in our present position, and in fortress warfare against our opponents, who in this technical branch are extremely worthy of respect.”

The Crown Prince issued the following order to his troops on Christmas Eve :—

“Christmas in France in closest touch with the enemy ! Such a festival will never be forgotten by any of us. I wish all the members of my brave army God’s richest blessing, until, with the soldier fortune of dutiful fighters, we have won a peace of which we and our beloved Fatherland shall be proud.

“As my grandfather, the Crown Prince Frederick William, did at Christmas, 1870, for his brave army, your fathers and grandfathers, I send to every one of my loyal comrades, as a modest remembrance of the Christmas that we spent together in Germany’s greatest time, a tobacco pipe with my picture.”

On New Year’s Eve the German newspapers were full of exhortation on the need of economy and on the regrettable extravagances which had prevailed at Christmas. Large quantities of Christmas cakes were sent to the troops on both fronts, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* described at length a visit paid by the senior of the Berlin bakers to the Crown Prince’s headquarters. He took with him 120 Christmas cakes for the Crown Prince and his suite.

The Crown Prince is said to have asked whether they might not make themselves ill.

## 182 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

But the chief baker assured him that the material was so excellent that he need have no fear. Meanwhile, it was declared on all hands that the public at home ate just as much cake and pastry as usual notwithstanding all warnings.

In February and March a neutral observer contributed to the *Times* a remarkable series of articles on what he saw in the course of a journey through Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Writing in the middle of February, this observer declares that in Berlin at that time the war on the Eastern frontier was of far more interest than that in the West, and Hindenburg was the national hero. Next to him came the Crown Prince in popularity, and there was no more significant indication of his rising fame than the fact that practically all officers had abandoned the bristling moustaches à la Kaiser and had clipped them to the "toothbrush" style worn by the heir to the throne.

The Crown Princess, it was added, was undoubtedly the most popular woman Germany had had since the days of Queen Louise. "The Smile of Berlin," as she was called, and her four sturdy little sons, all in military uniform, aroused the wildest enthusiasm whenever they appeared.

The shadow of doubt began to creep over Germany in March, and the neutral observer noted that the Kaiser's popularity had undoubtedly increased.

"The Crown Prince is now very little heard of, but has retained his own popularity among the military caste. All other thinking people look upon him as a man who does not realise his responsibilities and takes things too lightly. Rumours are plentiful in regard to him, and in many cases they are anything but flattering. But one must not forget that German public opinion is very changeable and easily influenced. Among other things it is constantly said that the Prince is living a life which is anything but exemplary, and this at a time when his country is engaged in a life and death struggle.

"One thing seems certain, that the Crown Prince no longer has in reality any military power whatever. Whether this is the result of disagreement with the Kaiser, incompetence as a military leader—he is said to have suffered several reverses which a better leader might have avoided—or due to any other reason, nobody outside the highest circles knows with any certainty, but his name is now only that of a figure-head."

## 184 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

A daughter was born to the Crown Prince in Berlin on April 7th. This war child is the fifth in the family, and she brought up the number of the Kaiser's grandchildren to seven. It is a curious fact that, save for the announcement of her birth and the traditional phrase, "Both mother and child are well," no further news was vouchsafed; nothing about the christening, the names given to the little princess, or the sponsors till the middle of May. Then the *Vossische Zeitung* announced that the baby was to have as her godfathers, "in addition to other personages," the whole of the Fourth Army commanded by the Crown Prince. The paper added:—

"This choice shows afresh what a beautiful relationship of confidence exists between the leader and his army."

A fortnight or so later it was announced from Berlin that the christening had taken place, though the Crown Prince was not present as he did not wish to leave his post; that the child had received the names of Alexandrine Irene (Peace!); and that, in addition to the Fourth Army, the officers and men of the warship "Kronprinz" were her godfathers.

It may be doubted whether this wholesale compliment really compensated the simple soldiers and sailors for leadership in the field

which left so much to be desired. But it is just the kind of thing to fascinate the German mind, with its adoration of everything "colossal," and may be considered so far the "record" in sponsorship.

We have left to the last, though its date is about November 20th, 1914, what is undoubtedly the most complete revelation of himself which the Crown Prince has ever made in public. This was in an interview which he gave to Mr. Karl von Wiegand, at the headquarters of his Army in France, and which was sent by the correspondent to the United Press of America.

The scene of the conversation was the drawing room of a small French villa situated a few miles behind the German firing line, and during it the Crown Prince and the journalist were alone. The Crown Prince wore the ordinary German grey-green service uniform without any decorations except a small token of his rank of lieutenant-general, and the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross, which had been recently conferred on him. He wore no sword, but carried a short "swagger" stick like those carried by English cavalry officers.

"I am a soldier and therefore cannot discuss

## 186 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

politics," said the Crown Prince, "but it seems to me that this whole business, all of this action that you see around here, is senseless, unnecessary, and uncalled-for. But Germany was left no choice in the matter. From the lowest to the highest we all know that we are fighting for our existence. I know that soldiers of the other nations probably say, and a great many of them probably think, the same thing. This does not alter the fact, however, that we are actually fighting for our national life.

"Since we knew that the present war was to be forced on us, it became our highest duty to anticipate the struggle by every necessary and possible preparation for the defence of the Fatherland against the iron ring which our enemies have for years been carefully and steadily welding about us wherewith to crush us.

"The fact that we were prepared to defend ourselves is now being used as an argument in an attempt to convince the world that we not only wanted this conflict, but that we are responsible for it.

"No power on earth will ever be able to convince our people that this war was not engineered solely and wholly with a view to crushing the German people, their Government, their institu-



tions and all that they hold dear. As a result you will find the German people are one grand unit imbued with a magnificent spirit of self-sacrifice."

Although the Crown Prince made it perfectly clear that he held England responsible for the war, yet the correspondent declares that he showed none of the intense hatred and bitterness towards the English which characterised the vast majority of Germans. Mr. von Wiegand says that there was nothing of the fire-eater or uncompromising warrior about the Crown Prince. He gave no evidence of delighting in conflict; it was obvious that the carnage he had already witnessed had made a deep imprint on his naturally impressionable mind, and he referred frequently to the losses and sufferings, not only of his own, but of the enemy's forces. He was exceedingly generous at all times in praise of the enemy.

"The French soldiers are surpassed by none for their bravery. They have fought splendidly. Individually the French soldier is equal in every respect to our own in intelligence, and in some things is quicker and more agile. But he is a defensive fighter, and lacks the dogged determination and staying power of our troops when it comes to offensive work. Events have shown

## 188 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

that French leadership has been excellent, and it has commanded our admiration."

If, says the correspondent, the Prince was ever possessed of a reckless and dare-devil personality, the last traces of it had apparently been removed by his work of the past few months.

This revelation is of particular interest, for it seems to show that the Crown Prince was already flinching from the appalling carnage which has characterised the war from its very beginning. And yet neither of his two historic heroes would have dreamed of flinching from any sacrifice that could be regarded as the necessary price of victory.

It has often been stated that the Crown Prince's chief historic hero is Napoleon. In a picturesque sense this is true—for instance, we have already referred to the extraordinary collection of Napoleonic portraits and coins displayed in his study in the Marble Palace at Potsdam. But his real hero and inspiration has not unnaturally always been Frederick the Great, and, what is perhaps less well known, even to his own countrymen, the Great Frederick's father, that extraordinary sovereign who may well rank as having been the first great Hohenzollern militarist.

As we trace the career of the Crown Prince we

are more and more irresistibly reminded of that strange Prince whom Macaulay described as a cross between Puck and Moloch. He was a soldier first and last and all the time. He dreamed of war, rapine, and conquest. He sacrificed, not only his country but his own family, in order that he might have a great and splendid army; and his son—he was not destined to know it—carried to full fruition all his terrible schemes. In one of his campaigns alone close on a million soldiers were killed. It may be judged from that fact alone how little he would have flinched even from the slaughter of this war.

It may be, of course, that the Crown Prince's references to the carnage were composed for the benefit of sentimentalists in America and elsewhere. But it is more probable that he was genuinely horrified by being brought face to face, for the first time in his life, with what war means, and that he was, in addition, haunted by the fear that after all even Germany's vast sacrifices might be made in vain.

The Crown Prince expressed to his interviewer great surprise at the unsympathetic attitude of America towards poor Germany entirely surrounded by jealous enemies and fighting for her existence, and he attributed this attitude almost

## 190 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

wholly to England's control of the Press, and the world's channels of communication !

Among many other things which the war has revealed, not the least interesting has been the German secret propaganda all over the world, carried on by the subtlest subterranean methods through the Press, through spies, in fact through any and every channel available.

In view of the known facts about this propaganda it is astounding that the Crown Prince not only talked of England's control of the Press, which exists only in his imagination, but also, to use the words of his interviewer, "frankly admitted that in the past Germany has failed to appreciate the important *rôle* played by the Press in world politics and in international affairs. He made it clear that Germany has learned a lesson in this respect and learned it at the price of being branded in the eyes of the neutral nations as a military menace to the world's peace."

In reply to a question, the correspondent admitted that the Crown Prince had been very generally represented as a war agitator, the leader of the war party and exponent extraordinary of militarism.

"Yes, I know," said the Crown Prince, nodding his head in assent and giving no evidence

of surprise, "and the English Press says that and much more. The English papers have stated that I am a thief, and that I have personally robbed and pillaged these French houses in which we have been forced to make our headquarters. Really—and I want you to tell me frankly—is it possible that intelligent people in America or even in England can honestly believe such things of me? Can it be possible that they believe me capable of stealing pictures or art treasures or permitting the looting of French homes?"

The Crown Prince went on to ask how many times he had been reported in the English papers to have been wounded and to have committed suicide. Mr. von Wiegand confessed that he had lost count; and the Crown Prince, returning to the main point, strongly denied the charge of militarism.

"There is no war party in Germany now, and there never has been. I cannot help believing that it will very soon dawn upon the world that, so far as Germany is concerned, this conflict is not a war waged by some mythical party, but is a fight backed by the unity and solidarity of the German Empire. This unity is the best answer to the charge with which England is endeavouring to terrify the world—that the

## 192 THE REAL CROWN PRINCE

war is being pushed by an ambitious military clique."

When the correspondent told him that the Russian Press Bureau had reported that the Kaiser had been nearly captured during a recent engagement near Warsaw, the Crown Prince roared with laughter. "I must tell father about that," he said, "I am sure it will be news to him, and that he will enjoy it."

The Crown Prince impressed the correspondent as being strongly opposed to bureaucracy and to everything standing between the people and their ruler.

Mr. von Wiegand was invited to dinner that evening, when the Crown Prince dilated on his interest in America and his determination to visit that great country; the whole affair, in fact, seems to have been cleverly engineered in order to present an attractive picture of Germany in general and the Crown Prince in particular to American readers.

Evidently for the benefit of the sentimentalists, the Crown Prince narrated an incident which he said occurred in the Argonne. After the German troops had hurled back a French attack with terrific losses, the Crown Prince said that he offered the French a truce in order that they might pick up their wounded:—

"I almost had a row about it with my chief of staff, who opposed me in the matter, saying that the French would only report that we asked for a truce because we were defeated. But I insisted on a white flag-bearer being sent to the French trenches with an offer to give them time to get their wounded, or allow us to get them. They refused, and as a result hundreds of those wounded fellows who might have been saved perished miserably. The whole thing seemed to me an instance of senseless and useless cruelty."

Finally, the correspondent declares that the Crown Prince was the idol of his staff, mostly all young men like himself. "From elder officers I learned that the young man has demonstrated an unusual capacity for strategic problems, and the prediction is made that the war will serve to place him in the list of Germany's greatest generals."

Since the date of this interview, there has been perhaps the hardest and sternest fighting of the war, but of the Crown Prince hardly a word. Here we must leave him, still not yet included in "the list of Germany's greatest generals."

It may perhaps be thought that the picture drawn in these pages of the Crown Prince after

the outbreak of war is not consistent with the idea of his character and disposition to be derived from the earlier chapters.

But there is no real inconsistency. Here is a Royal Prince, trained to war from childhood and subjected to all those subtle flatteries which are the common lot of princes. He shows a certain independence of character on particular occasions, added to a kind of cleverness in courting popular favour. But it is not given to him to see with clear vision the true baseness of his country's ideals and ambitions. On the contrary, he regards those ideals and ambitions as the expression of the highest civilisation, while he himself, by reason of his military genius, is a fit instrument in achieving their realisation.

Then comes the cruel, the merciless test of war. The first successes are followed by checks and retreats, and of all the German hosts not one suffers a worse check than that commanded by the Crown Prince. It is an exposure of military incapacity such as no pleasant sophistries of courtiers can disguise. This is not army manœuvres; it is the real thing.

What effect would such a self-revelation have even upon a strong character? In the Crown Prince's case it must surely have meant the destruction of his whole house of life, that house



which had been so patiently and carefully built up on the basis of his intimate union with the Army and all that the Army implied.

In a crisis such as this, the latent elements of a man's character are apt to come to the surface. If he is fundamentally ignoble, then he cannot help showing his baseness, and nothing is more natural than that such a man in such a position should run for consolation and forgetfulness to the gratification of appetite. This, there can be no doubt, is what the Crown Prince did, and it is not really surprising in view of all that we now know about the mental and moral state of the German people.

We see in fact a progressive worsening of the Crown Prince's character, reflecting as in a mirror the corresponding deterioration in the character of his fellow-countrymen. The end is not yet, but who would be so bold now as to call them his future subjects?

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